

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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JULIUS CHAMBERS EDITOR

[From ONCE A WEEK, April 26, 1892.]

YOUTH is the gift of Heaven. It is the most splendid conception of the divine mind. To a man it is worth the supremacy of the world. A woman will exchange her immortality for it. To a newspaper, likewise, it is all-important. It comprehends activity, dash, pure blood, honest emotions, sincerity, strength. A newspaper that attains success during its days of youth forever remains young. Years do not age it or dull its intelligence and enthusiasm. It has not eaten its heart out with anxiety or allowed its blood to be thinned by corroding cares. Pride of success it may justly feel. Arrogance it never can assume, because to be arrogant is to be conceited, and conceit is not an attribute of youth.

Such is the position of ONCE A WEEK to-day.

We may escape the cholera.

CHEER up; we haven't got it yet.

TAKE only hot drinks—tea and coffee, for example.

MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR is the inventor of an automatic road cleaner, which is equipped with sprinklers and hoods in such an ingenious fashion that the dust cannot scatter. The ASTOR "dust" never did scatter.

THIS month put oysters on your bill of fare. The supply is abundant, and the percentage of bivalves in the restaurant stew should be raised. The "Enlarged Church" described by Professor SWING in the September *Forum* will doubtless liberalize the "social" brand.

STEEL rails once cost one hundred and fifty-five dollars a ton. They can be bought now for about thirty dollars. The political view of this is overshadowed by the plain fact that improved methods of mining, manufacturing and transportation have really been the cause of the drop.

THE best place to make money is where we have already done some work, thus creating wealth. Energy should not be wasted in shifting our centers of material enterprise. The boom is all right in its place, but we should give the old town a chance in the meantime.

HEALTH OFFICER JENKINS, of the port of New York, will co-operate with the federal authorities in keeping out the cholera. There was some fear at first that he would use his own discretion in passing vessels from Quarantine to their piers in the metropolitan district, without regard to the federal arrangements for twenty days' detention. But now all is harmony, and victory in this life-and-death struggle is assured if the people co-operate—but not otherwise.

CHOLERA, that curse and peculiar offspring of the effete Orient, has about surrounded the American Union. While we quarantine against Hamburg emigrants on the Atlantic seaboard and along the Canadian border, we must not neglect the Pacific coast nor our Southern ports and the Mexican border. The direct

communication with Asia may bring the plague to the Golden Gate. Perhaps Hamburg steamships have recently traded with our Southern neighbors. If we succeed in keeping out the scourge it will be a miracle of watchfulness and co-operation on the part of all public authorities and of all the people. It will be the most signal triumph yet achieved by popular sovereignty. With every intelligent man, woman and child acting as a committee of one, it can be done. Let us do it.

FIRE ISLAND would be an admirable place to isolate the cabin passengers of the infected ships. Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, now in America, makes a very interesting statement on the cholera:

I'll tell you my own preventive, which I have used in India with the very best results. The cholera bacillus doesn't like acid. He can't stand it at all. So every other morning, when the cholera actually appears, I would take, if I were you, five drops of hydrochloric acid in a cup of tea. You will find it excellent as a preventive if you are also careful in your habits of life.

"WESTWARD the course of empire takes its way," indeed. Chicago got the World's Fair; the baseball pennant for 1892 has as good as gone to Cleveland; Nancy Hanks has dethroned Maud S., and now San Francisco has literally crushed the pride of Boston. Alas! woe is the East.

PRESIDENT HARRISON's letter of acceptance is nearly as long as the average President's message. It saw the light during the week of excitement containing the cholera scare at New Orleans and the pugilistic contests at New Orleans, and to many who read it its utterances were as the sounds of distant thunder. Everybody should read the letter this week. Mr. CLEVELAND's pronunciamento, it is hoped, will fall during less troublous times. After that the campaign will be on both feet. If we are to judge by President HARRISON's opening gun, the chief issues of the campaign will be the tariff, the proposed untaxing of State banks and reciprocity.

NO MORE BRUTALITY!

THIS probably is the Athletic Age. We as a people may be suffering from an exaggerated respect for physical strength; the brutality and contemptible character of pugilistic encounters may have been lost sight of for the moment, but the undeniable fact is, despite the universal interest that seems to have been manifested regarding the recent encounter between CORBETT and SULLIVAN, that the better sense of the American people is opposed to all such meetings. We have been told about "the fighting parson of Bray"; we heard much during the Rebellion about muscular Christianity, but the brutality of an individual encounter with the fists contrasts unfavorably with the savage horrors of war. ONCE A WEEK has no respect for pugilism. We deprecate it, and were it in our power to prevent and prohibit it we would do so. Perhaps it is one of the attendant evils of an advanced civilization. We care nothing whatever for Mr. SULLIVAN. He has doubtless received his just deserts, and his fall from the high pinnacle of "king of the prize ring" marks the end of a career that never has had an honorable motive or ambition. We sincerely hope that CORBETT will have the good sense to return to his counter in the Bank of Nevada and stay there, or perhaps he would prefer to start a private bank with his winnings on the night of September 7th.

LABOR AND ITS CONDITIONS.

THERE are two points that come quite clearly into view following the late labor troubles at Homestead and Buffalo. First, that violence and disorder must be put down. Second, that the so far weaker party in these issues—the labor party—has a grievance, and it behooves the people, with whom the initial law-making power rests, to look into it if we are to retain orderly and free institutions. With disorder alone there is sufficient power in the State at present to cope, and if there was nothing back of it the question would at once be settled. The thing that is back permits of no such ready dismissal.

We well know the substratum of the difficulty. It is that, in connection with the organization of capital on a large basis there is an organization of labor on a large basis, and that our laws, as they now stand, have not contemplated such organizations. It is a new subject that confronts organic society and of such fundamental character that the social weal or woe is bound up in it.

So far the strikes of labor have mostly been looked upon as presenting only a personal grievance; presently the aggrieved and those aggrieved establish a working relation and the difficulty has passed away. The extraordinary centralization of capital of recent years, with no controlling influence over it on the part of the government, but with fostering care, as shown by protective tariffs, and surrender of public franchises, as shown by the privileges exercised by transportation

companies and railroads, has incited the labor element to organization on like colossal scale. The question arises: Has not the capitalistic organization assistance from the government that the labor organization does not possess? And is it not the logic of the labor organization that its members shall be lifted into such favored and protected position, or that the capitalistic organization shall be deprived of it, and so all stand as previously on what must be regarded as equitable ground?

The question at issue is certainly not a question of the accumulation of capital. Nor is it a question of equality of consumption. The latter is a socialistic one that cannot be said to have entered into practical economics. So far as the experience of the world has yet gone it is plain that great benefit can be derived from accumulations of capital in individual hands, and also aggregated from such hands, for it then becomes capital for further production rather than for consumption, which it would mean if too widely distributed. Between capital for further production and capital for consumption there is a shifting center. With too much of the former, there is poverty and privation on the part of the masses; with too much of the latter there is waste and license and improvidence.

The workingman is jealous of the accumulation of too much capital for further production; he wants more of it for consumption. The capitalist is jealous of too much capital going into consumption; he wants more of it for further production.

It is on this ground that there is antagonism between capital and labor, and will always continue to be. It is like the centrifugal and centripetal power in mechanical force; each is necessary to keep the wheels of society in proper rotation; with too much of one there will necessarily follow disruption and ruin; with too much of the other stagnation and ruin—in either event ruin from the standpoint of what there are possibilities to achieve.

Leaders of the public mind—periodicals, jurists, politicians, public economists—are pronouncing upon these questions. ONCE A WEEK finds abundance of company in its position that the striker must not resort to violence, but that there is a logic in his position which the public must heed. The *Nation* contends that the striker at Homestead sees the advantage his employer obtains from the government by the tariff, and that he wants protection in more wages and from other laborers who are willing to work for less wages than he, and that he is acting in the very spirit of his employer. The *Cosmopolitan* recognizes the broad sweep of the questions at issue. It recognizes their future when it says: "The most curious phenomena attending the period in which we live is the unprejudiced consideration given to these social conditions by the rich themselves. At every dinner-table one may meet men who are profoundly dissatisfied with the existing conditions."

The *Review of Reviews* sees in forms of arbitration a remedy for existing difficulties. "When the commonwealth," it says, "awakes to an appreciation of the fact that it is greater than the railway corporations it creates, and greater than the labor associations it permits, it will suppress these disturbances in their very inception by providing a tribunal clothed with authority. To conclude that iron-workers in Pennsylvania, and railway employees in New York, and miners in Idaho and Tennessee, are so many great groups of revolutionary socialists and enemies of public order, would be to assume altogether too much." In the *North American Review*, WILLIAM C. OATES, from a Congressional standpoint, recognizes that within ten years, unless something is done, we may reasonably expect violence that will work a change in our form of government. He thinks that Congress can contribute much toward allaying agitation by repealing all class legislation (and meaning by this a tariff too greatly protective), and greatly restricting foreign immigration. In solving the difficulty, the first position of GEORGE TUCKER CURTIS is that the workman should not surrender the control of his action to a trade's union, and that to do so is to commit moral suicide. Mr. POWDERLY says: "Industries which are protected by tariff laws should be open to inspection by government officials. When the managers of such concerns seek to absorb all the protection the government should interfere in behalf of the workingmen." CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, in *Forum*, pronounces the problem here referred to as the most difficult one, and its removal the gravest danger of modern times. He would have corporations established of workingmen who would contract in their corporate capacity for a given amount of work to be done.

QUITE TRUE, HOWARD.

[Joseph Howard, Jr., in the *Recorder*.]

WALTER BESANT whines and cries because "literature doesn't pay," and insists that the "literary profession in popular estimation is regarded as a poor and beggarly trade." In Walter's mind there is no "pay," but cold cash.

The real trouble is, JOSEPH, that nobody will read his books or his editorial screed.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

[By the Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.]

WHOEVER will take the trouble to study carefully the recent disturbances in industrial circles will become thoroughly convinced that the strikes at Homestead and Buffalo were the effects of a cause which can be traced much further back than the dates on which these strikes were inaugurated. When our government was founded those who framed the Constitution on which it was to base its laws had no conception of what the future would bring forth in the way of corporations, trusts and syndicates. Railroads were not thought of, telegraphs and telephones were not invented, the great hives of industry that loom up before the eye in our cities and towns were not considered among the possibilities. The three millions of people who made up the new nation were further apart, so far as communicating or co-operating with each other was concerned, than Asia and the United States are to-day. One illustration will suffice. Two weeks ago we read of the cholera reaching Hamburg on its westward march; a few days later it reached Havre, and this week it knocks at our doors for admission to the United States. The power of the British Government, as exercised in the colonies in 1776, was not so great as that which can be exerted by the railroads which traverse the State of New York to-day; in fact, the railroads in question affect more people than the British Government did in this country in 1776. The Constitution, framed by the fathers of the republic, says that the new government was formed for the purpose of establishing justice, insuring domestic tranquillity, providing for the common defense, promoting the general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty to them and their posterity.

We, the posterity referred to, can now look back and see that the makers of that Constitution did not dream that this nation would become the industrial center of the universe, the workshop of the world, in a little over one hundred years from the time they abolished the old form of government. A millionaire was not known to the fathers of the republic. They would not have believed the man who would have predicted that inside of one century the United States would produce an individual whose wealth would exceed that of the English king whose soldiers they had driven away. For many years after the Constitution was adopted the individual employer of labor flourished; but he began to fade away when the march of invention set in. Inventors of wealth-saving machinery have not grown into millionaires; but those who secured control of these inventions can count their money by tens of millions. Steam effected a greater revolution than the armies of Washington, so far as the industrial world is concerned. It has given to a few sharp, far-seeing, shrewd men the opportunity to take the earnings of thousands without rendering a proper equivalent. Had each invention, when its use began, been operated for the public good under supervision of the government which protects it, the immense wealth that a few men have gathered in through control of these inventions would be distributed among the millions instead of the hundreds. But steam was let loose, and under its stimulus the government itself offered a premium to those who made use of it in the operation of lines of transportation. The people feared that the railroad would not be constructed unless they gave its promoters everything they asked for. Laws were framed to encourage the building of railroads; they were given advantages that no individual would dream of asking. The individual would be refused on the ground that the public good, and not the building up of private fortunes, should be the first consideration.

After steam came the railroad, after the railroad came the great corporation, after the corporation came the stock market and then a deluge of speculation flooded the stocks of railroad corporations with water. With two shares of watered stock for one honest share the workman has to toil longer and harder to enable his employer to declare a dividend. Drawing a profit from two shares of watered stock as well as from one share representing an honest investment, it is easier for the employer to pile up wealth, extend his investments, control more property, and through that control exercise almost unlimited power over his employees. It is not possible for any man to amass a million dollars as the result of honest labor; and every man who has a million dollars controls a portion of what other men should have. The possession of such immense sums of money causes men to become arrogant, supercilious and overbearing. Strip Andrew Carnegie of his wealth, reduce him to the ranks of labor, give him the same place and bestow upon him the same means that Hugh O'Donnell is possessed of and Mr. Carnegie would talk to, walk with, eat at the same table and, if O'Donnell would consent to it, sleep in the same bed with the man around whose neck he is now striving to tie the hangman's rope.

Moral worth does not determine what meed of justice shall be given a man to-day, and, when we look at the Constitution of the United States, we ask ourselves what was meant by the declaration that one of the reasons for founding this government was to "establish justice." Justice does not prevail to-day; the government of the nation, or of any of the States that compose it, will not interfere in behalf of the laboring men, though they may be defrauded of every right they possess. A corporation may reduce the wages of its employees below the starvation level and no effort will be made by public officials to establish justice. We find that at each home of legislation a well-regulated lobby is maintained by the great railroads and corporations. It is not denied that they purchase whole Legislatures and virtually enact such laws as they please through pliant tools.

It is considered unfair for an organization of laboring men to oppose the hiring of non-union men; they may not even endeavor to induce them by moral suasion to refuse to take their neighbor's jobs! A wave of indignation rolls

out from the editorial offices of the nation when a member of a trade union resorts to violence in order to prevent the non-union man from taking his place. The labor organization is warned that it is "not the American idea" to prevent any man from selling his labor to whom and for what price he pleases.

The editors do not take the trouble to go back to the lobby, to the Legislature, to the Congress which took from non-union and union men the right to control their labor and sell it for a fair price. They do not reflect that special privileges were vested in the great corporations, and that by reason of that fact they are enabled to actually and effectually control the price of labor, and that the workmen has nothing whatever to say in regulating that price.

It is in perfect accord with the theory of our government to declare that each workman has the right to sell his labor for such price as may suit himself, but the carrying of that theory into effect is not possible. The necessities, and not the wishes or will, of the worker determine what he shall sell his labor for!

Those who take the side of the non-union man and protest that his "American manhood and individuality" should not be interfered with, and that he should be accorded the right to select his employer and fix his own price, do not understand our industrial system as it now exists. By reason of their control of natural opportunities and artificial methods of amassing wealth, employers of labor are enabled to produce great results with fewer men than in days gone by. These idle men have not shared in the advantages of the inventions that deprived them of the means of earning a living. They become "tramps," and, when strikes take place, they seek opportunities to restore themselves to respectable positions in society. With so many of them on the verge of starvation (and it is to the interest of capital as at present managed and understood to keep them that way), it is not certain that a strike will win when entered upon, and every man whose position is taken by a non-union man simply exchanges places with the idler.

Labor knocks on the door of every Legislature and Congress for the passage of just laws or the repeal of unjust ones. It has to knock hard; but monopoly steals its way through the keyhole of the Capitol and sits at the elbow of the governor or President when bills are presented in its behalf. Labor protests in thunder tones; monopoly whispers its wants. Labor walks in hobnailed shoes and in hard lines; monopoly trips along in slippers and on velvet. We can all see the mistakes of labor and labor organizations; but the crimes of monopoly against the rights of the people are committed where the people cannot scrutinize.

For every outbreak of labor that we read of monopoly has committed a hundred outrages on the natural rights of the workers. For every non-union man who has been beaten or killed during times of excitement or by strikers, a dozen suicides, a hundred murders and a thousand orphans result from the speculations of capitalists. This is not an overdrawn picture; we have only to go over the files of any of the leading papers of New York for one year to verify my assertion.

This condition of affairs will continue until workingmen take more interest in political affairs.

Right here, we are told that if it be possible for monopoly to buy up legislators we can never expect to enact just laws. We must take from the legislators the power to become dictators for the length of time for which they are elected, and instead of permitting the legislator to make the laws for his district the district should make the laws for the legislator. All laws should originate with the people; they should undergo discussion among the people and receive the sanction of the people before coming operative. In other words, the initiative and referendum should be adopted in the nation and the various States. By this method of enacting legislation we keep the eyes of the people constantly on the lawmaker; the people will make their own laws. Ignorance of the law will no longer be an excuse, for every man will have to read, study, discuss and think over the measure before he votes to make it a law. Fewer laws will be enacted, but the whole people will understand them when made. The lobby will be dethroned, the trading legislator will find his occupation gone, and the whole people will then exercise the power over corporations which the corporations now exert over the whole people.

These reforms may or may not be a long distance away, but we can assert that the great railroads of the land are more powerful now than our government. They can so act toward their employees as to drive them to strikes and desperation if they please, and if it is possible to hire a spy to sneak into the confidence of men and betray that confidence, it is also possible to hire an incendiary to fire a train of disabled freight cars in order that public sentiment may turn against strikers.

The fiendish instinct that prompted the erection of a fence, with a capping of barbed wire charged with electricity, the locating of water plugs capable of directing a stream of boiling water against intruders, was not born of justice. The preparations were not made in order to "insure domestic tranquillity," and these appliances would not have been dreamed of were the thought not uppermost that dollars were of more account than the blood that should animate the brotherhood of man. With railroads and telegraphs owned and operated by the government it will be possible for such concerns as the Carnegie Steel Company to see rivals enjoy rights which they now claim as special privileges, and the people will not have to defray the expense of throwing their armies around property which it will be to their interest to protect and make more valuable.

T. V. POWDERLY.

"HAMLET" is a play for all time. It will never give up the ghost.

FREEDOM'S POET DEAD.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the beloved Quaker poet, died at Hampton Falls, Mass., on September 7th, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His death is ascribed to heart failure. Whittier was the John Bright of American poetry. His birthplace still stands, near Haverhill, Mass., only a little altered from what it was in 1807. A farmer's son, born at a time when New England farm life was more frugal than now, he had none of the opportunities for culture that Holmes and Lowell had in their youth. His parents were intelligent and upright people of limited means, who lived in all the simplicity of the Quaker faith, and there was nothing in his early surroundings to encourage and develop a literary taste. He had to borrow books among the neighbors. The only instruction he received was at the district school, and later on at the Haverhill Academy, paying for his tuition by work. Some of his earliest inspiration was drawn from Burns. "I began to make rhymes myself," he has written, in his simple way, "and to imagine stories and adventures." Indeed, he did begin to rhyme almost as soon as he knew how to read, but he kept his verses secret, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, might think he was wasting his time. The surprise of the family was great when some of these verses were unearthed from under a heap of rubbish in the garret. His father frowned upon these efforts, not out of unkindness, but because he doubted the efficiency of the boy's education for a literary life. His sister, however, had faith in him, and without his knowledge sent one of his poems to the *Free Press*, of Newburyport. Young Whittier was helping his father to repair a stone wall by the roadside when the carrier handed a copy of the paper to him; and, unconscious that there was anything of his own in it, he opened it and was dazed to find some verses called "The Exile's Departure":

"Fond scenes which delighted my youthful existence,
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu;
A lasting adieu, for now, dim in the distance,
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the loved shores of my own native land;
Farewell to the village and sail-shadowed bay,
The forest-crowned hill and the water-washed strand."

It was his own poem, with his initial at the foot of it, "W., Haverhill, June 1, 1826"; and, better still, this note: "If 'W.' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a favor." He did so, and the editor was so struck with the verses that followed that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor. So he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a lad of eighteen, was summoned from the fields where he was working, and, having stepped in at the back door so that he could put on his coat and shoes, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The friendship that began with this visit lasted until the death of the editor ended it. The editor was quite a young man at the time—not more than three-and-twenty. His name was William Lloyd Garrison.

It was not long before his household lyrics gave Whittier such a hold on the popular heart as made him, later, in the great struggle for the emancipation of the negro, a power in the land. In them we catch, for the first time, the voice of a genuine New England bard—the accents native to a homely, a tender spirit, not cramped by any half-conscious imitation of foreign styles and methods, or strained by the deliberate effort to sustain ambitious song. It is unnecessary to quote from works which are familiar to almost every reader, legends as "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Cassandra Southwick," "The Witch's Daughter" and "Mary Garvin"; also "The Old Burying-ground," "Memories," "The Playmate" and "Maud Muller."

Whittier's reputation grew like a forest tree, and had the life of one. In the evening of his days, a modest singer, who never sought prestige by cunning ways, and whose merits were long eclipsed at home by the transient glitter of other names, he grew dear to a whole country. Scarcely any poet of our time touched with more honest reverence and loving tenderness the relations of friendship, of marriage, of parent and child. Whittier was a homilist.

"I have outlived the vanities and ambitions of youth," Whittier said, recently. "The death of my old friends—Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Field, Lowell, Whipple, Bayard Taylor and others—leaves me lonely, though Holmes still lives, a year or two younger than myself, in good health and spirits. My writing days are over," he added. "Perhaps I have written too much. Sometimes I think I have. But everybody has been very kind and has given me more credit than I deserve. But I will reward their kindness by not adding to their burdens."

The old-fashioned pen with which he wrote has now been laid down forever.—(See page 4.)

FOOTE was talking away one day at a dinner-table of a man of rank. When at the point of one of his best stories one of the party interrupted him suddenly, with an air of most considerate apology:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half-way out of your pocket."

"Thank you," said Foote, replacing it, "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke.

"I SEE you are building a new house, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes; you are right."

"Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?"

"No."

"Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?"

"Oh, yes; but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put in the whisky. Every farthing was made out of water, sir."

WHAT kind of a man makes the best fly fisherman? One with a cast in his eye.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

To MANY people there is no pleasanter part of Boston than that on which Silas Lapham turned his back for the sake of a house on the water side of Beacon street. Some of the streets in this region, with their high-steepled houses, have pleasant little parks in the center, and many an old resident, clinging to the house which has been his for years, as he gazes from his windows on the old trees and pretty flower-beds in these parks, knows that he is better off than he would be in a narrower though more fashionable street of the Back Bay. In one of these attractive South End streets Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has made her home for a long time, and Rutland Square has become a Mecca toward which every literary man or woman visiting Boston is sure to turn his steps. Bostonians are well acquainted with Mrs. Moulton's house, and at her Friday afternoon receptions there is sure to be met an interesting throng of people, fashionable, Bohemian or mildly literary. Old World terms are perhaps out of place in this country, but certainly no other Boston woman has, or attempts to have, a salon such as that which Mrs. Moulton holds during several Winter months.

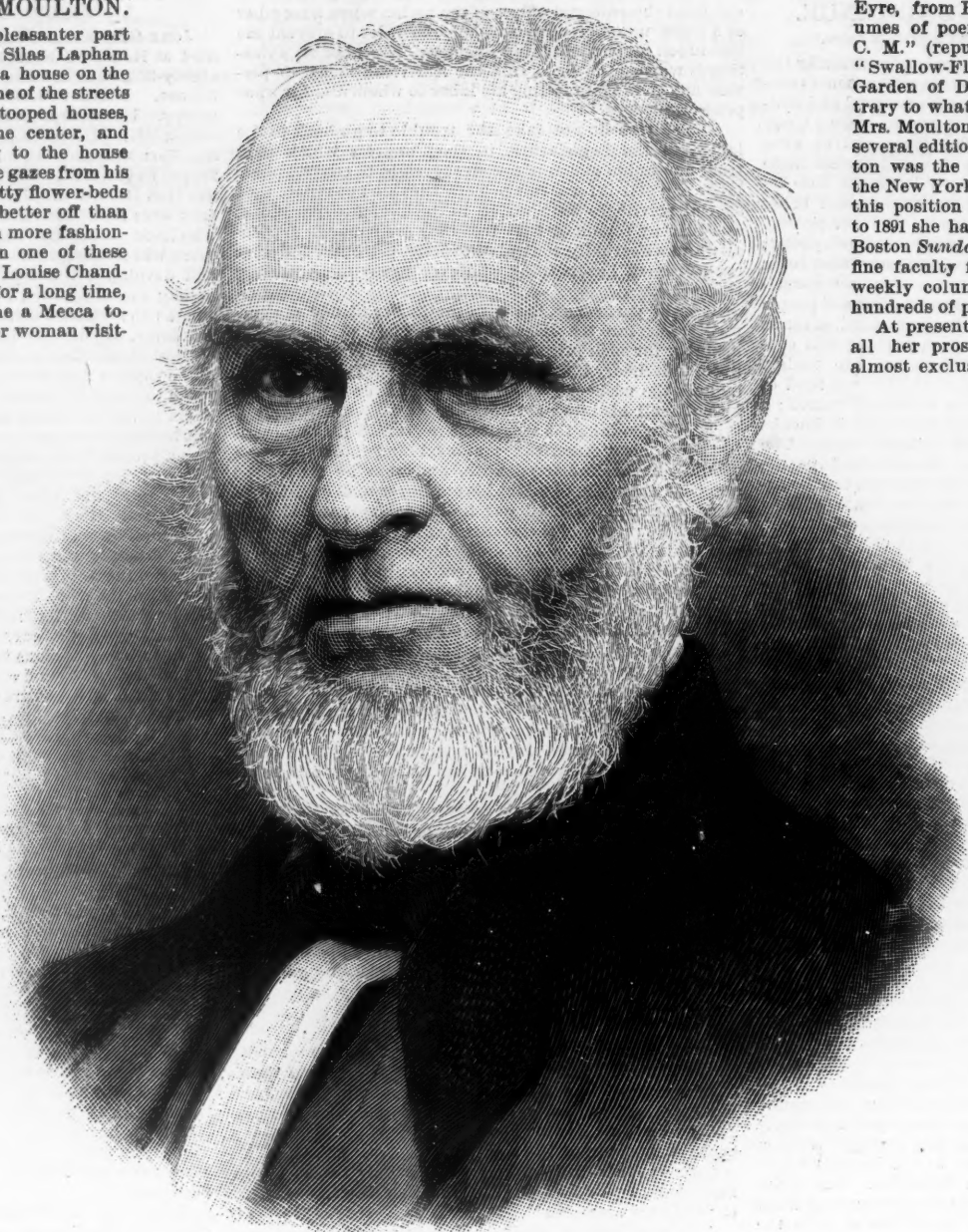
The same may be said of Mrs. Moulton's drawing-room in London, for in the latter city she habitually spends the fashionable season each year. Indeed, a noted London critic (whose name is known the world over) expressed his amazement last year that few English women, however favorably situated, could assemble at their houses so many people distinguished in literature and art as could be met at the house of this American in London.

I, myself, can bear witness to the charm of Mrs. Moulton's pleasant drawing-room in London, as I saw it just a year ago filled with men and women, many of whom bore names that have a high reputation on this side of the Atlantic. Thomas Hardy and George Meredith, Mrs. Alexander, R. E. Francillon, Theodore Watts, Edmund Gosse, "Max O'Rell," Walter Besant, Mrs. Tomson, Burne Jones, Rider Haggard, are only a few of Mrs. Moulton's friends. To mention the people to be met at Mrs. Moulton's Boston home would be to name the majority of Boston literary men and women—Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry, Mrs. Tyler B. King (Anna Eichberg), Louise Imogen Guiney, Oscar Fay Adams, Hamlin Garland, Professor Eben Horsford, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Lillian Whiting, Professor William J. Rolfe, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, Arlo Bates, Mary Elizabeth Blake, numbers of the younger Harvard professors, editors like John Holmes, of the *Herald*, and numerous artists, musicians and less well-known people.

Yet the social side of Mrs. Moulton's life, however interesting, is that perhaps to which she would care to have the least attention drawn—her social success she would naturally consider secondary to the literary pre-eminence which is now hers as a result of long years of conscientious work.

Even before her marriage—and she was married at the age of nineteen—Louise Chandler had begun to attract attention as a writer. "Read this book and see what a girl of eighteen can do," was inscribed on the posters sent out by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., announcing a volume of stories and poems by Louise Chandler. The contents of this volume had appeared in various magazines and newspapers during the preceding three years, and all showed a maturity of thought and expression unusual in one so young. This volume met with a large sale and received the kindest notices from the critics. Ever since she first knew how to write, Louise Chandler had been in the habit of engaging in the composition of prose and verse. She undoubtedly received much inspiration from the delightful surroundings of her native place, Pomfret, Conn., a region noted for its beautiful scenery. She was an only child and her parents encouraged her in her work. Coming of an intellectual race, she undoubtedly inherited much of that literary ability which she displayed so early. Her school days were spent chiefly at Pomfret, where she had excellent teachers. For a time she went to the mixed school at the head of which was the Rev. Roswell Park, rector of the Episcopal Church at Pomfret, and one of her schoolmates there was the erratic artist, James MacNeal Whistler. Her last year of school was spent at Miss Willard's famous seminary at Troy, and six weeks after she had left school she married Mr. William Moulton, a Boston publisher.

Not long after her marriage Mrs. Moulton published, through the Appletons, an anonymous novel, "Juno Clifford," and a few years later the Messrs. Harper published a volume containing stories of hers which appeared in the magazines.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—(See page 3.)

Since that time Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have been Mrs. Moulton's sole publishers in America, and have brought out five volumes of juvenile tales, beginning with "Bed-Time Stories," a volume of travel papers called "Random Rambles," one of short chats on social topics, "Ourselves and Our Neighbors"; two volumes of stories for grown people, "Some Women's Hearts" and "Miss

not long ago, when I talked to her on the subject, she laughingly deprecated the stress placed by one of her English biographers on the fact that she had often received fifty dollars for a single sonnet. At the same time good literary work is not discredited by the fact that it pays. Strong imagination, spontaneity of feeling and almost perfect workmanship characterize Mrs. Moulton's poetry, and she is justly called the representative woman poet of America.

Her short, pure stories show so close an insight into human nature that after a time she may add other volumes of fiction to the two already published. Mrs. Moulton's literary work is well known to most American readers, so well known that a little curiosity about her personality is pardonable. Of good height, with long-lashed, dark eyes and brown hair, Mrs. Moulton, with her charming voice and manner, makes a delightful first impression on all who meet her; but, better than this, those who know her best like her best. Sympathetic with young writers, and hospitable to all who have any claims upon her, it is no wonder that she has a host of friends.

Mrs. Moulton's only child is married to Mr. William Shaefer, now of Charleston, S. C., and early each Spring Mrs. Moulton goes South to visit her daughter and son-in-law. Later she goes to London for the "season," and after a Summer on the Continent is back in Boston in the Autumn.

I asked Mrs. Moulton not long ago why it was that her London receptions were even more largely attended by noted men and women than her receptions in Boston, and she told me what I agreed with her in thinking true, that the shortness and definiteness of the London "season" is such that a larger number of brain-workers give themselves up to social enjoyment. Mrs. Moulton is a brilliant conversationalist, and is much sought for as a guest at dinners. I recall meeting her at the Author's Dinner last Summer in London, where she sat between Sir John Stainer and Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, of the *Saturday Review*, at a table whereat sat many men and women. From the days when Lord Houghton gave her a breakfast, and later a round-table lunch to which Browning, Swinburne, Gustave Doré, George Eliot, Kinglake and several other brilliant men and women were invited to meet her, she has held her own in London society. But as I have said before, social success is merely incidental to the marked literary success which has deservedly fallen to the lot of Louise Chandler Moulton.

HELEN LEAH REED.



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"AND now that we are engaged, Frederick, I only think it right to make a confession. I love onions."

Eyre, from Boston, and Others," and two volumes of poems, the first in 1877—"Poems by L. C. M." (republished this year with the title, "Swallow-Flights"), and the second—"In the Garden of Dreams," published in 1890. Contrary to what is true of most volumes of poetry, Mrs. Moulton's works have both gone through several editions. From 1870 to 1876 Mrs. Moulton was the Boston literary correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and she only gave up this position in order to go abroad. From 1887 to 1891 she had a weekly literary letter in the Boston *Sunday Herald*. Mrs. Moulton has a fine faculty for criticism, and in each case her weekly column was regarded as an oracle by hundreds of people throughout the country.

At present Mrs. Moulton is giving up almost all her prose work and is devoting herself almost exclusively to poetry, although it may be well to mention here that she is editing a "Collected Edition of Philip Bourke Marston's Poems," of whose works, some time ago, she had already edited two volumes.

Mrs. Moulton has been a constant contributor to all the best magazines in this country, and the poetry of no other of our women poets is so eagerly sought for by editors. When her first volume of poetry appeared, in 1877, it brought forth spontaneous letters of praise not only from Americans like Whittier, Longfellow, Stedman, Bret Harte and a host of others, but from George Eliot, Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Matthew Arnold, Theodore Watts, Edmund Gosse, Lord Houghton, Burne Jones, George H. Boker, Austin Dobson, Frederick Locker and other prominent English men and women. Especially pleasing to Mrs. Moulton, however, was the favor with which her work was received by the professional critics.

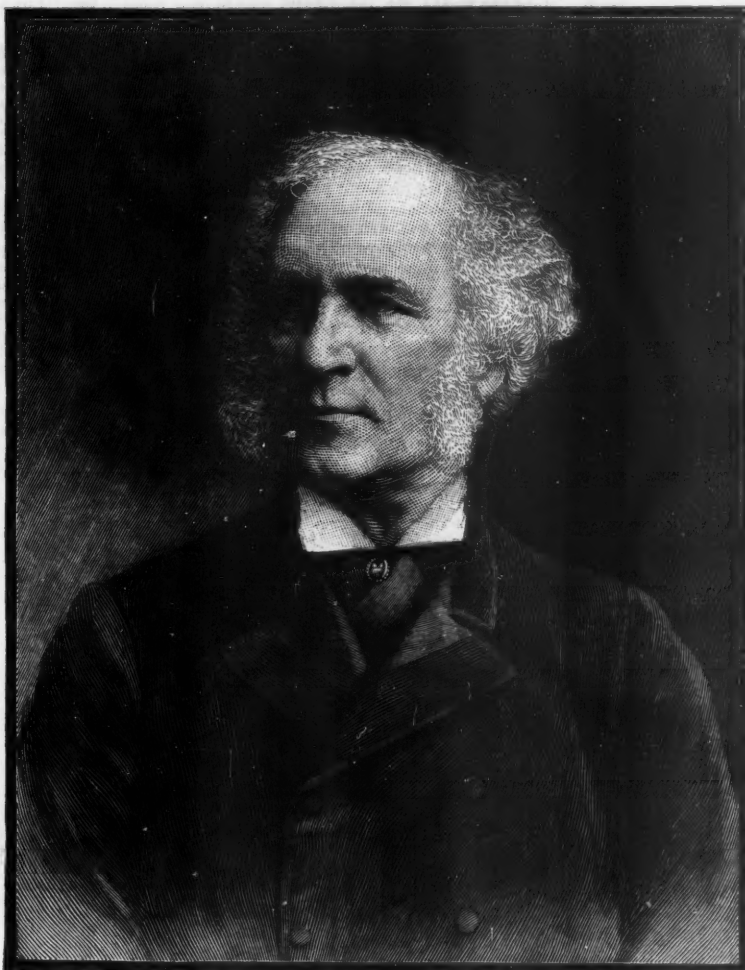
The London *Athenæum* a few years ago made a classification of sonnet writers, in which the name of Mrs. Moulton was mentioned as that of the only American deserving a place in such a classification. It may be aside from the mark to say that Mrs. Moulton's sonnets command unusually good prices; she herself shrinks especially from having her poetry estimated at its commercial value, and

CLOSE OF A GENTLE LIFE.

THE fire of a pure and manly life has gone out. Daniel Dougherty, one of the foremost orators this country has produced, and a lawyer of international fame, died at his Philadelphia home, surrounded by his wife, his sons and daughters, on September 5th. His death is a national loss, for he was to have been an orator at the opening of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Daniel Dougherty, "the silver tongued," was born in Philadelphia, October 15, 1826. He was educated at the grammar schools, and studied law in the office of the late William Badger. He was admitted to the Bar in 1849, and won immediate favor by his ability and eloquence. As a youth he showed a decided penchant and aptitude for the stage. As a young man he played Mark Antony when Julius Cæsar was brought out by a thoroughly equipped society of amateurs. This leaning toward the sock and buskin grew stronger with Mr. Dougherty's years. He was the intimate of Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport and John McCullough, and the friend of Edwin Booth. His value of the stage was an ideal one. The stage was to him the temple of his dreams lit by genius, where Art sat enthroned. It cut him to the heart that the "Black Crook" should have run four hundred nights while Booth sank a fortune to set a fitting frame to Shakespeare.

Daniel Dougherty's oratorical talent gained him distinction in Philadelphia before he was admitted to the Bar, and his first speech for the defense in the Smithers homicide case—a *cause célèbre*—created a marked impression. The jury, after being out six days and six nights, brought in a verdict of acquittal. This at once established the young lawyer's reputation, and laid the foundation of a career that earned for Mr. Dougherty a large income. Whenever he appeared in court in a case of any magnitude—and he had the good judgment never to attempt to make before a jury a great speech in an unimportant suit—the court-room was crowded.

Mr. Dougherty made political speeches before he became a pleader. He accompanied Galusha A. Grow on a stump tour in the Cass campaign of 1848. He took a leading part in the Pierce campaign of



Daniel S. Dougherty

1853. In 1856, while addressing the Democratic State Convention in Chambersburg, Josiah Randall, father of the late Samuel J. Randall and a former leader in the Whig party, entered the hall. Mr. Dougherty advanced toward the venerable Mr. Randall, and, extending his hand, welcomed him to the faith of the Democracy.

In 1860 Mr. Dougherty was an ardent supporter of Douglas for President. With the first intimation of the war and until its close Mr. Dougherty pleaded everywhere for liberty and union. In the Lincoln campaign of 1864 he addressed large audiences in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Faneuil Hall (Boston), Cooper Institute, and his reception in the Academy of Music is said to have been one of the greatest ovations ever extended a private citizen. He welcomed President Lincoln at the Philadelphia Union League in 1864. During the Tilden campaign he addressed the Democracy of New York in Cooper Institute.

An instance of Mr. Dougherty's ability as a natural orator to rise to an emergency was his quick reply to the interruption of Judge John R. Grady while he was addressing the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, on St. Patrick's Day in 1867. President Brady reminded the orator, who was picturing the wrongs of Ireland, that the rules of the organization did not permit political allusions. Dougherty hesitated but an instant, and then in his clear, ringing voice and in his most impassioned manner, exclaimed: "Mr. President, overlook my enthusiasm, if you can, and in the language of Edmund Burke, 'pardon something for liberty.'" The reply had instant effect, and the company arose from their seats, while cheer on cheer went ringing through the hall.

At the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, in 1860, he nominated General Hancock for the Presidency.

Four years ago, when the Democracy chose Grover Cleveland as its candidate for the second time Mr. Dougherty placed him in nomination before the convention at Chicago.

Dougherty, his figure erect, his black coat, with its flowing skirts, buttoned close about him, directed his face from point to point of the great chamber in a silent mandate of silence. He was pale, his lips were set tight together, the inspiration of the moment and the surroundings were written in the pose of his figure and on every lineament. His first words were slow, resonant, graceful, but thrilling with force and pent-up feeling. The people hung in silence on his accents.

During the last few years Mr. Dougherty had practiced law in the courts of New York City, but he retained his residence in Philadelphia.



THE AMERICAN YACHTSMEN'S LORELEI.

A DEPICTER OF REAL LIFE.



QUACKERY in art is rampant at the present moment. There are cliques and sects and schools of art, and there is a great clashing of opinion in realms æsthetic. The principals in this combat are the neo-realists, the ultra-impressionists, the individualists, tonalists, ists of this, that and the other ilk; and from the midst of the turmoil there does not issue one great picture the year around. Confused by the noise and dust of contending egotists the common folk, failing to comprehend the meaning of all this vast confounding of terms, turn with a sigh of relief to what pleases the eye, tickles the fancy and offers food for restful thought. Simplicity still reigns supreme in art, and it is a wise

and atelier, is a patch of fertile ground known as Flatlands. Here the farms are practically within the town, and these city grangers disturb the soil in sight and sound of bustling metropolitan life. They are an interesting and a picturesque people, these semi-urban peasants, and the pictorial richness which they offered at once decided this artist to portray a phase of farm life lying under the very eyes of his contemporaries.

His boldness in attempting to wring the beautiful from the commonplace has been rewarded by the production of a score of eminently pleasing paintings. Particularly to be praised is Mr. Roseland's most recent canvas, "The Latest Bit of Gossip," a sketch of which he has made for ONCE A WEEK. Here we have a group of women in the field (women for the most part till these Flatland farms), and with that love for tittle-tattle ascribed, perhaps unjustly, to the sex, they have set themselves the task of criticising an absent sister; or picking up pieces, metaphorically, some bit of waywardness, some slight slip from

ing sunshine. In the class of purely emotional pictures the "Sunday Afternoon" of this artist finely represents his power. The old man with his shock of silver hair has fallen into day dreams. Visions of the earlier days when the blood coursed hotly through his veins and life was a circle of things to be accomplished—mostly pleasant things—and the cherry-lipped companion of his life was his chief inspiration and joy. His memory pictures those happy Sunday afternoons when, hand in hand, he and his young wife strolled down to the toy-like church, standing chalk-white in the midst of riotous greenery. Nothing is left of those joyous days now but the much-thumbed Bible and his fading recollections. Soon it will be over with him. The crumbling tome, the big-rimmed spectacles, the old-fashioned portrait of "Grandma" in its odd, round frame—all these relics of a vanished existence will be put away to gather dust, and the drooping head with its snowdrift locks will be missed from "Grandpa's" accustomed corner. So runs our lives away.

As a portrait painter, Mr. Roseland has achieved some notable results. His counterfeit presentments of well known men are remarkable for their completeness and chastity. Broad and strong effects are the things he



GOSSIPS.

[From a sketch specially made for ONCE A WEEK by Harry Roseland.]

painter whose vision is strong enough to enable him to see the face of his mistress.

Among the younger painters of our day and clime who have forged their way to the front by means of honest achievements and meritorious work is Harry Roseland, an artist who has set for himself the task of painting what his healthy senses prompt and his hand has the power to produce. It is a mark of talent for one to discern at his own doorstep a thousand beauties which the hurrying crowd has passed by unnoticed. The philosopher with a magnifying glass who lights upon a mimic world in a decaying apple is one of a mind with the artist who can see the picturesque value of the life that lies within a morning's jaunt of his atelier. Mr. Roseland is one of the few painters of man and Nature as they appear to normal eyes who can find acceptable material for their picturement near home.

There is a current belief and practice among many American artists that the blue-bloused, heavily-shod peasants of Holland and France are the only species of farm toilers worthy of their brushes. This ignorant error results each year in the crowding of our galleries with representations of sodden-faced peasantry in wooden sabots and greasy headgear. The picturesque American farmer has been utterly neglected by our painters until recent years. His fellow countrymen of the brush, who have devoted themselves hand and soul to reflecting the tiresome soil delvers across the brine, couldn't see him. And yet the material was here.

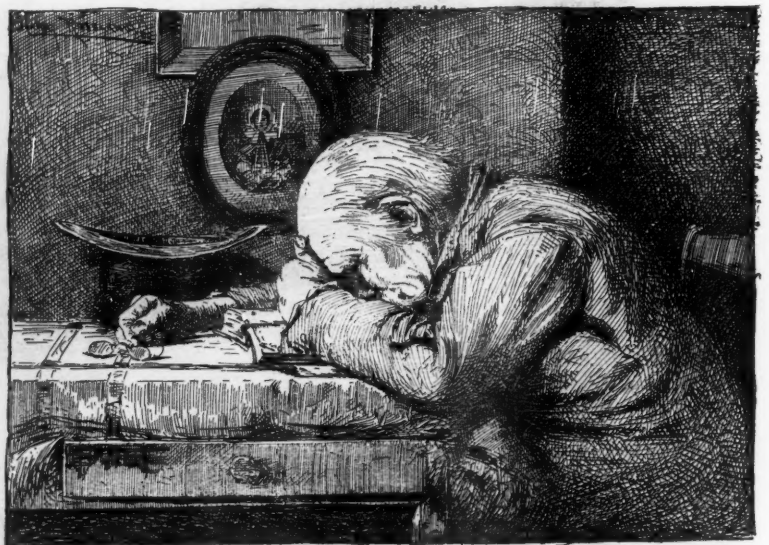
As an illustration of what may be accomplished by a faithful lover and enthusiastic limner of Nature inside the bounds of a great city, some recent canvases from the easel of the artist with whom this sketch has to do may be offered. Just inside the southern boundary line of the city of Brooklyn, where Mr. Roseland has his home

the path of behavior which their crude code of ethics condemns. Mayhap, it is the news of an engagement, a marriage, or of motherhood. Whatever it may be, it is a keenly human story the life-like group suggests, and one that the beholder finds deep interest in guessing about. The bright blaze from a freshly awakened sun bathes field and figures. There is a sense of torridity in the atmosphere, and the feathery flecks of cloud life in the sky heighten this effect; but the absorbent rays have not gathered all of the night's heavy dew, and there is a feeling of dampness about the vegetation of the field and in the soil that bedrags the hems of the women's skirts. The unobtrusive power, noticeable in all his works, and the fine feeling for the stout out-of-house existence of the granger are fixed on this canvas with unusual felicity.

Mr. Roseland's work is seldom devoid of sentiment, the ruddy sentiment that moves thought and leaves the brain in such a state as the rain does the trees after a Summer night's shower, drooping but cheerful in the hope of com-

strives for in portraits. As an illustrator Mr. Roseland's work is individual and ideal. He owns the pleasing knack in his black and white work of making his materials so subserve his ends that a large effect is obtained with little expenditure of effort.

PERRITON MAXWELL.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

[From an original sketch by Harry Roseland.]

SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.]

ONCE A WEEK.

7

CHATS ON JOURNALISM.

IV.—THE REPORTER'S FIRST MURDER CASE.

THE telephone rings. It is a message from the reporter who keeps vigil at police headquarters. The night city editor responds in person and it is easy to see from the interest manifested that something of importance has occurred. He is as sprightly as a mitrailleuse in action. He "fires" questions over the wire with the skill and directness of a cross-examiner. As he hangs up the receiver he looks at the clock, turns to an old and experienced reporter and says:

"John Hawkins, the Wall street banker, has just been murdered in his house on Fifth avenue. He was found dead in his parlor by his nephew and daughter on their return from the theater." (As he says this he already has the city directory and is searching for the address.) "The house is the second one above Forty-sixth street," resumes the editor. "Take two men with you; go by the elevated to Forty-second street; hire what cabs you want there; meet the headquarters' man at the house; he will have further particulars. It is eleven o'clock. The story is worth every line you can get, and we must have the last page by 1:45. Now, jump for it! Mr. Harris and Mr.—Mr.—Johnson, you will go and assist Mr. Connelly. You will be under his direction, absolutely. Mr. Connelly, I shall hold you responsible for the 'story.'"

Thus does the learner—Mr. Harris, let us say—get his first experience in a really great case.

He feels the responsibility reposed in him, fortunately. He comprehends, though he has only been in the traces a year, that the great feature of the morrow's paper will be this sensational murder. Compared with it, he knows by the intuition of the newsgatherer, the triumph of Gladstone in England, the thrilling train robbery in New Mexico and the fiery debate in Congress will pale into insignificance. He has already learned that it is impossible, literally impossible, to give the readers of a newspaper too many facts and details about such a crime, rendered of universal interest by the prominence of the victim and the attendant mystery of his death.

By this time the three men are at the elevated station. They secure a corner by themselves in one of the cars, and on the facts already known Mr. Connelly plans the campaign. The student is very fortunate in taking his lessons from such a master of the reportorial art.

"We shall take two cabs at Forty-second street," he says. "You will go with me, Mr. Harris. Mr. Johnson will take the other. We drive at once to the house of the crime. Kase, from headquarters, already there, will have prepared a diagram of the room and searched the dwelling. It is essential that we trace Hawkins's movements from his office uptown and to the moment of his death. The club he frequents must be visited. If a robbery has occurred the motive will be apparent. If no robbery, then we must try to find a motive. It will be your duty, Mr. Johnson, to bring the banker from his office. We must know all about the trip. See his partner, Radish, at the Windsor Hotel. He will be likely to know with whom Hawkins left the bank; secure the name and find that man. Then, hurry back to the office—we get off here."

Into the cabs they jumped, just as arranged. A few minutes later, or at exactly half-past eleven, they were at the house. Kase was watching for them. From him and the captain of the precinct, who was on the ground, the story of the crime was learned. Few additional details were added, except that the house was in perfect order, that not a thing was missing and that the murder had been done with a piece of gas-pipe left by a plumber only two days before. This pipe had been placed in the corner behind the front door, and had thus escaped general notice. It was the murder of an amateur. So the police declared. The first blow had been dealt from behind, the side of the head had been crushed and the victim had fallen without a cry. So the doctor said. When found, the body was still warm. The front door was "on the latch"—that is, unlocked—and the light in the hall had been turned out when the nephew and daughter reached the house. It was only after striking a match, to relight the gas in the hall, that the body of the old banker was observed in the parlor. So the nephew stated. The daughter was prostrated with grief and unable to make any statements.

Connelly decided on his policy at once. Johnson's orders "went" as first given, and he was off at once. Did Kase know at what theater the son and daughter had been?

"Yes, the Broadway," corner of Forty-first street and the great thoroughfare after which the theater is named. "To what clubs did Hawkins belong?" Connelly asked Kase.

"To the Union, Lotos, Union League, New York and Manhattan Athletic. Johnson asked me the same question, and I told him to try the Union League because the nearest. I believe the old chap was there to-night. He was a widower and spent most of his evenings at one or other of the clubs."

"Very well, Kase; go into the house until I come and then hurry down, writing your screed on the train. You have a diagram?"

"Yes; sent it down by my office boy, brought along for the purpose."

"Good; now interview the nephew fully; describe him carefully; ask him especially between what acts he left the theater." Kase re-entered the house and disappeared.

"Now, Harris, get into that cab. Go first to the Broadway Theater. You can rouse the watchman by ringing the bell at the gate on the Seventh avenue side. Find out exactly when each of the acts ended and how long the intermission was. Then go direct to the Players' Club, find somebody belonging to the company and verify the statements of the watchman, but especially ask if anybody saw young George Hawkins in the house or saw him leave it. Probably you will not get anything, but it's worth doing. Skip!"

Connelly then entered the house. The coroner had

not arrived and the body still lay on the floor, with a sheet over it. He looked at the iron bludgeon, then raised the covering and verified the features of the dead man. He was John Hawkins. The wounds could be partly seen on the right temple. The face bore a look of terror, such as the dead always wears when death has been encountered in the dark! It is beyond the grasp of the human mind to imagine anything more awful than a sudden encounter with a burglar in the dark. The shock is generally so great that speech is impossible. The servants upstairs had not heard a sound.

The body lay where it had been found? Yes. Connelly at once began a search of the floor. The carpet was a moquette of a dull, brownish tinge. With his feet, and occasionally with his hands, Connelly felt every inch of the carpet. Ah! at a point near the sliding door leading to the dining-room was a damp spot. His hand was on the carpet instantly. He raised it. Blood! The body had been moved after death. Why? Obviously so that it could be readily seen by any person entering the front door. But, what could be the purpose of a burglar in such an act? Would a murderer, who feared interruption, do such a foolhardy thing? Never. Wouldn't it be exactly what a man might do who knew who were the people expected and when they would arrive? It looked so. And the old banker's hat, where was it? The butler instantly pointed it out, hanging on the rack in the hall. Again a sensation! The hat had been hung there after the crime, for the binding on one side of the brim was bloody, as if it had been kicked about the floor and had rolled across one of the insanguinated spots. Ah! and the lock had been "thrown off" by fingers with the marks of blood still upon them! (All front doors in New York have a catch that so fixes the outside knob as to render it movable when desired.) Why should the murderer want the front door unlocked? So that the theory would be that a night prowler, a human vulture without home or purpose, had wandered in, been surprised and had done the killing.

Connelly kept his own counsel. He had discovered all these things in exactly eleven minutes. He was working with the thought of time constantly before him. Kase appeared with his notes of the interview with young George Hawkins, the nephew. It was clear and explicit. He had been at the Broadway Theater. He had gone out between the second and third acts; had stepped into the Métropole and had a drink; had seen and spoken to Henry James, Barry Mottessor, Sam Caruthers—"He's a member of the Calumet Club, just below, and 'dead sure' to be there. Drive down and ask him what Hawkins said when they met at the Métropole bar. Then go to the Twenty-eighth street 'L' station and get to the office."

Indications pointed to the nephew as the murderer! Connelly thought so, and when he reached the office at one o'clock (having written at his "story" in the dead man's library until a reporter sent by the thoughtful city editor relieved him), he found enough facts to enable him to hint directly at that belief. Of course, he knew the libel law, and defended the accused in an artful way against the theory; but he got in the facts, nevertheless. He felt safe for these reasons:

1.—What Harris learned: That the second act of the play had ended at 9:40; the interval was eighteen minutes, owing to an elaborate boxed-in scene that had to be set. Time, 9:40 to 9:58! At the Player's: Hawkins, one of the best known young men in town, had been seen "in front" by Actor Leonard.

2.—What Johnson learned: That Banker Hawkins had passed the evening at the Union League Club. It was not his whist night—that he never missed at the Union, cards not being permitted at the League. He had walked up Broadway with his partner, Radish, to Park Place. They had had a pint of champagne at the Astor House, because Hawkins appeared to be greatly worried. No; it couldn't have been about business; Radish thinks it was regarding the approaching marriage of his daughter to her cousin George. That was merely his surmise. Radish then came home on the elevated road; but Hawkins took a cab, as he said he had several places to stop. He must have ended at the club. There he dined and sat till—now, be explicit. Well, the doorman remembers that he passed out just before the clock chimed a quarter to ten. How does he fix the time? Because his relief was due at 9:30, hadn't arrived, and he was literally "watching" the clock. The relief didn't come at all, so still on duty. More important, however, was the statement of Mr. John Brandon, a fellow-clubman, who encountered the deceased stumbling along up Fifth avenue in a very pre-occupied manner. That was apparently the last seen of Hawkins alive. He was going home to be killed!

A strange thing is Fate! 3.—What Kase learned: That Caruthers remembered Hawkins entering the Métropole rather hurriedly, and first having glanced round as if looking for a clock but finding none, had drawn his watch and said: "Hello, Sam. Why it's a quarter to ten; come take something." He had said nothing about being at the theater; he looked hot and acted excitedly. Hawkins did not remain more than a minute, and a few moments after he left he (Caruthers) had occasion to look at his watch and found the time to be twenty minutes after ten o'clock instead of a quarter to that hour! Caruthers had not gone to the theater, but he had been in the Métropole when the thirsty men from that place entered after the second act. The last one of that party had departed quite awhile before Hawkins appeared. He also knew the nephew's narrative; that the daughter was prostrated with grief—or divided the identity of the murderer; the arrangement of the rooms in the house; had drawn a diagram of the parlor floor, already prepared for publication with labor-saving rules. The story came together naturally after this manner:

"MAKE UP" SCHEDULE. MURDER STORY.

A.—Statement of the crime, exactly who victim is, and great commercial importance of his sudden taking off. (Connelly), $\frac{1}{4}$ column.

B.—Narrative of the discovery of the crime in the words of young Hawkins. (Kase), 1 column.

C.—Description of the interior of the house, with a diagram of parlor floor. (Kase), $\frac{1}{4}$ column.

D.—Exploration of parlor, and its sensational disclosures and deductions—exclusive. (Connelly), $1\frac{1}{4}$ column.

E.—How Hawkins, "King of Wall Street," came uptown from his office, including interview with Radish, his partner—omitting reference to Hawkins's troubled condition of mind. (Johnson), $\frac{1}{2}$ column.

F.—At his club; who saw him, etc., and exactly when he left. (Johnson), $\frac{1}{2}$ column.

G.—"The King of Wall Street" going home to be killed; last sight of him alive by Clubman Brandon. (Johnson), $\frac{1}{4}$ column.

H.—What probably happened in the house; theories of the detectives; theory of the blood on the hat; changed position of the body, open door, etc. Did the murderer follow Hawkins in, or was the assassin a friend who entered at the victim's request? (Connelly), $\frac{1}{2}$ column.

I.—Young Hawkins at the theater; statements of the night watchman, of Actor Leonard and of Samuel Caruthers, bookmaker, as to conduct of young Hawkins, without comment or suggestion. (Harris), $\frac{1}{2}$ column.

J.—Here use the statement in Radish's interview that Hawkins was greatly worried about something outside of his business. Interview, fully and accurately reproduced—especially statement that young Hawkins was engaged to be married to his cousin and that Rawson had reason to believe that the girl's father did not approve of the match. (Harris), $\frac{1}{2}$ column.

* [Turn a rule here.]

K.—History of John Hawkins's remarkable career (Obituary editor), 1 column.

L.—List of the great railroad, telegraph, ferry, bridge, land, steamship and telephone companies, banks, exchanges and other corporations in which Hawkins was a stockholder, director or member, with the amount of the corporations' stock. (Index Department), $\frac{1}{2}$ column.

M.—List of all the remarkable murder cases in New York during the past quarter of a century. (Index Department), $\frac{1}{2}$ column.

Thus the paper goes to press at two o'clock with an eight-column story written and compiled by six men. No confusion, no breaks—it appears like one man's work.

In the second edition the arrest of the nephew for the murder by order of Superintendent Byrnes is announced, and the heading and the opening paragraph are changed in order to include that startling fact. The truth comes out that young Hawkins left the theater after the second act, and, being greatly worried about the threatened breaking of his engagement with the rich heiress, he had strolled listlessly over to Bryant Park, thence to Fifth avenue, where he had accidentally encountered his prospective father-in-law. The greeting had been anything but cordial; they had walked the four short blocks to the Hawkins mansion. There the young man had entered at the elder's request to settle the question of his future. Seeing the iron bludgeon behind the door, chagrin and humiliation gave rise to an uncontrollable impulse to kill the old man and thus silence his opposition. He did so, dragged the body to the doorway, washed his hands in the butler's pantry, turned out the hall light and hurried back to the theater—only stopping at the Métropole to set up an alibi, the very act that first pointed to his guilt.

The novice will be surprised to see how thoroughly the entire story conforms to the changed conditions. But Mr. Connelly is not astonished; that is one of the secrets of his art—an art that he has been studying for twenty years. Harris has done very little, you will say? True, he was not intrusted with much, but what he did he did well. He will find sufficient happiness, next day, if his journal leads the field.

As to Mr. Connelly, he hastily runs through Brown's last copy, glances over the proofs of all the first edition matter to catch any bad slips, hurries them to the night editor, puts on his coat, lights a cigar and remarks, quietly:

"Let's go to Charley Perry's." JULIUS CHAMBERS.

* Turned rule in the proofs, to show night editor where second edition matter from the reporter left at the house is to be inserted.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

"I'M ALMOST THROUGH," WERE THE WORDS SHE SPOKE, YEAR BY YEAR.

"I'm almost through," said the hard-working woman, looking up from the child's dress, upon which she was sewing.

Into her life a great deal of rain had fallen, and many were the days which were dark and dreary.

"I'm almost through," she was saying, that night, as her husband called her to leave her task and come to bed.

Stitch, stitch, stitch.

Almost through! But never through.

For woman's work is never done in this world; there is endless drudgery, few of this world's joys and much of this world's pain.

"I'm almost through," she said, working faster than before.

She was to finish the dress before the morning broke. The night wore on; and now and again she arose and went over to look at her little ones in their beds.

It was a sweet picture.

In the morning, they found her dead in her chair.

For, like thousands of poor, patient, nameless women, all over this big land, she had burned out her life for her children, and had worked for them up to the very gates of Eternity.

Upon a plain, white slab, in the poor quarter of the cemetery these lines were penned by loving hands:

"MOTHER, REST IN PEACE."

"DOWN TOWARD THE SEA."

WHEN the morning was breaking and the first level shafts of sunlight danced again over the big cities, and sparkled and irradiated on the waters like burnished gold, the old man was out on the bridge, his eyes set in the direction of the tides that run down to the sea.

When high noon came and the swarms of life were at their highest, as the toilers came and went at their mid-day meal, the old man was still there, aimlessly drifting thither and yonder, always watching the far-down sea and the ships that were coming in from over the ocean.

When the evening stole on, just between the twilight and the deep night, in the crowd there on the bridge the weary watcher still paced slowly to and fro, still watching the dusk-encircled sea.

If you should meet the old man to-morrow in your rambles, pass on heedless, for his case is beyond all help or need of it now.

The bark *Golden Star* was wrecked fifteen years ago off the Cape of Good Hope and all on board were lost.

He will never know the sad truth that his boy will never return. Robbed of his reason, he drifts about the shore and paces the bridge, with its commanding view of the gate to the ocean, waiting for the ship which will never return.

One day he, too, will go down with the tide; and only then will he find peace and rest at last. J. H. G.

THE HALTING OF EPIDEMICS.

CHOLERA still exists at Quarantine in the lower bay of New York, but up to this hour it has been prevented from reaching the three great cities that border on the North and East Rivers. Eight or ten large steamers, three of which are infected with the deadly disease, have been detained during the past week. The *Moravia*, the *Normannia* and the *Rugia* appear to be thoroughly infected with the contagion, because members of their crews are being attacked, and deaths are occurring on board and in the Swinburne Island Hospital. The total number of deaths now approximates fifty. The cabin passengers on board the *Normannia* have complained seriously about their imprisonment. Many of them are prominent business men who are suffering great financial loss by the delay to get ashore. It was suggested that Sandy Hook, owned by

of means of intercourse and of transportation, confining themselves almost exclusively now to vast masses of population like those of China, India and Russia, where the modern spirit has least permeated.

Pestilence is throttled by the science of the time and only has its vantage-ground, like famines, by reason of the ignorance of the people whom it has stricken. Nowhere does it make a strong lodgment except among those who have not availed themselves of the knowledge the world possesses of how to treat it, preventively and curatively. The two instances at hand in the most marked degree where this latter has been the case are Hamburg at present and Memphis, Tenn., with yellow fever, in 1878. The population of Memphis in 1870 was 40,226; in 1880, 33,592; in 1885, about 45,000. In 1878 there were 4,200 deaths in that city by yellow fever, and in 1879, 485. The sewerage

On three different occasions the ravages of cholera were severe in the United States—viz.: 1832, 1849 and 1866. On the first occasion it came by way of Quebec and spread rapidly through the country. In 1849 it came through New Orleans, the mortality attending it in the Mississippi Valley being very great. It ravaged the country from May until December. Steamers were allowed to leave New Orleans for the upper river towns, taking cholera patients with them without limitation, and it was by this means carried as far north as Cincinnati. From St. Louis it was spread westward, reaching San Francisco. Many Indians, contracting it from emigrant trains, died of it. In 1866 it was introduced at New York, and was distributed in every direction by railroads and steamboats. It was most severe in the West, especially at Chicago, St. Louis and Nashville. The mortality in the East was com-



CHOLERA AT NEW YORK—RELATIVES OF PASSENGERS WATCHING STRICKEN SHIPS FROM SOUTH BEACH, STATEN ISLAND.

the United States Government, be used as a place of detention for the healthy passengers instead of on board ship, where the contagion is liable to attack them at any time; but the government declined to give the use of the sandy peninsula. Abram S. Hewitt, ex-mayor of New York, promptly came forward and offered the use of Plum Island, a large and grassy bit of land lying to the eastward of Long Island and nearly opposite New London, for the use of the passengers. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the banker, purchased a large Sound steamer from the Stonington Company, and placed it at the disposal of the health officer of the port. The acting Secretary of War, General Grant, states that the department has no tents at its disposal, that all of them have been loaned to the Grand Army of the Republic.

Meanwhile, throughout New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and the suburban towns the most rigid system of cleansing is progressing. The Health Board is driving the filthy Italian and Hungarian populations from the nooks and corners where they have affected lodging, compelling them to be cleanly, and forcibly destroying old bedding and other dangerous material. It is a desperate fight, but the defeat of the cholera means the saving of thousands of human lives.

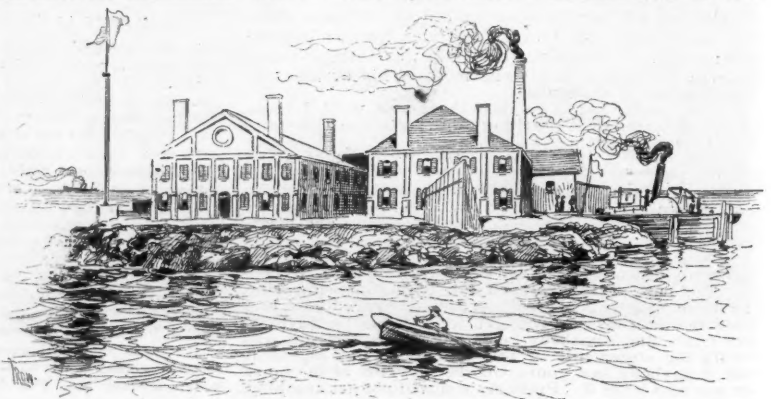
War, pestilence and famine are the three scourges of mankind. The attitude of the race has changed toward them as the result of growth in the knowledge of physical laws which make the civilization of what we call modern times. War has not been abolished; but it is more deadly and less prolonged, and its attendant evils are greatly decreased. Famines have abated, owing to the multiplicity

and drainage system of Memphis was in a notoriously bad condition. This was remedied in 1880.

In locating cholera in the alimentary canal and the contact of the bacilla with it, an immense step has been taken to conquer it by public and individual action. Public action by quarantine checks the advance of the poison, and by the isolation of patients and the control of water supply reduces immensely the danger of exposure after the poison gets a foothold. There remains, then, to private action, aided by medical assistance, the maintenance of the best possible condition of the system and specific action in case of attack. It is said that the Chinese, although forming the densest population on the globe, and close to the country in which cholera is indigenous, are almost wholly exempt from the disease on account of not drinking water in its ordinary state, taking tea almost exclusively, after the thorough boiling required.

The United States, with a minimum of six days between it and a country from which cholera can be imported, is the most favored to oppose its terrible ravages of all nations of the Northern Temperate Zone.

paratively light. There were five hundred and eight three deaths in Brooklyn and five hundred and seventy-three in New York. It again visited the Mississippi Valley in 1873. Its tendency is to adhere to grounds not easily drained of their water—low and flat localities. It has been called a "poor man's disease," inasmuch as those who are least favorably situated in their places of residence, who are most crowded together and who are able to take the least care of themselves are most likely to contract it. Yellow fever comes to this land from the West



VIEW OF HOFFMAN ISLAND FROM THE SEA.



LANDING EMIGRANTS AT HOFFMAN ISLAND.

Indies and Mexico. It is exotic to all lands except the former. It has not the power of dissemination that cholera has, on account of the great abundance of the vomited and excreted matter, and the power of reproduction of the latter. It has not pervaded this country, except the Southern States and to a limited degree the Northern seaboard cities. The deaths from it in the Southwestern States, in 1878, were 13,911. Aside from those at Memphis already given, both included in this number, the deaths at New Orleans were 3,977, which, with a population, in 1890, of 241,995, and not greatly different in 1878, were very disproportionate to the deaths at Memphis. New Orleans suffered most in 1853, when the deaths from yellow fever were 7,848.

The knowledge of this disease has not advanced to the exactness of that of cholera. Of its cause very little, if anything, is known, and the diagnosis and treatment by physicians are very diverse. The percentage of mortality is high—about thirty-three per cent. in Memphis. White people are much more subject to it than the blacks. A panic is much more likely to attend it than is the case

with cholera. The people of Memphis were panic stricken when yellow fever made its appearance among them, in the Spring of 1879, after the ravages of the preceding year. Of thirty-eight thousand five hundred people estimated to be in the city at that time, twenty thousand went into camp, outside of town, within a distance of ten miles. Of those that were left, fourteen thousand five hundred were estimated to be blacks, and out of a total mortality of four hundred and eighty-five only one hundred and six were colored. The second visitation of the city was comparatively light, the force of the disease having mostly spent itself the preceding years.

The power to stay the course of epidemics was tested in this country, in 1882, in Texas and Florida. A serious epidemic of yellow fever broke out, in Mexico, in the Summer of 1882, which was extended to Brownsville, Tex. The governor of that State called upon the federal government for assistance and one hundred thousand dollars was granted. Under the direction of Surgeon-General Hamilton, a cordon was placed around Brownsville, which was afterward extended five hundred miles, from the Rio

Grande's mouth to its source. Nobody could pass the frontier from an infected point without a detention of ten days. The disease never extended beyond the Rio Grande, but prevailed with great mortality on the Mexican side of the river. The same methods were afterward adopted in Mexico and the progress of the disease was stayed. In July of the same year the disease became epidemic at Pensacola, Fla. Many of the villages and towns around established a rigid quarantine, no person being allowed to enter without detention and fumigation. To such towns the disease did not spread, while other cities that did not take these precautions suffered from it.

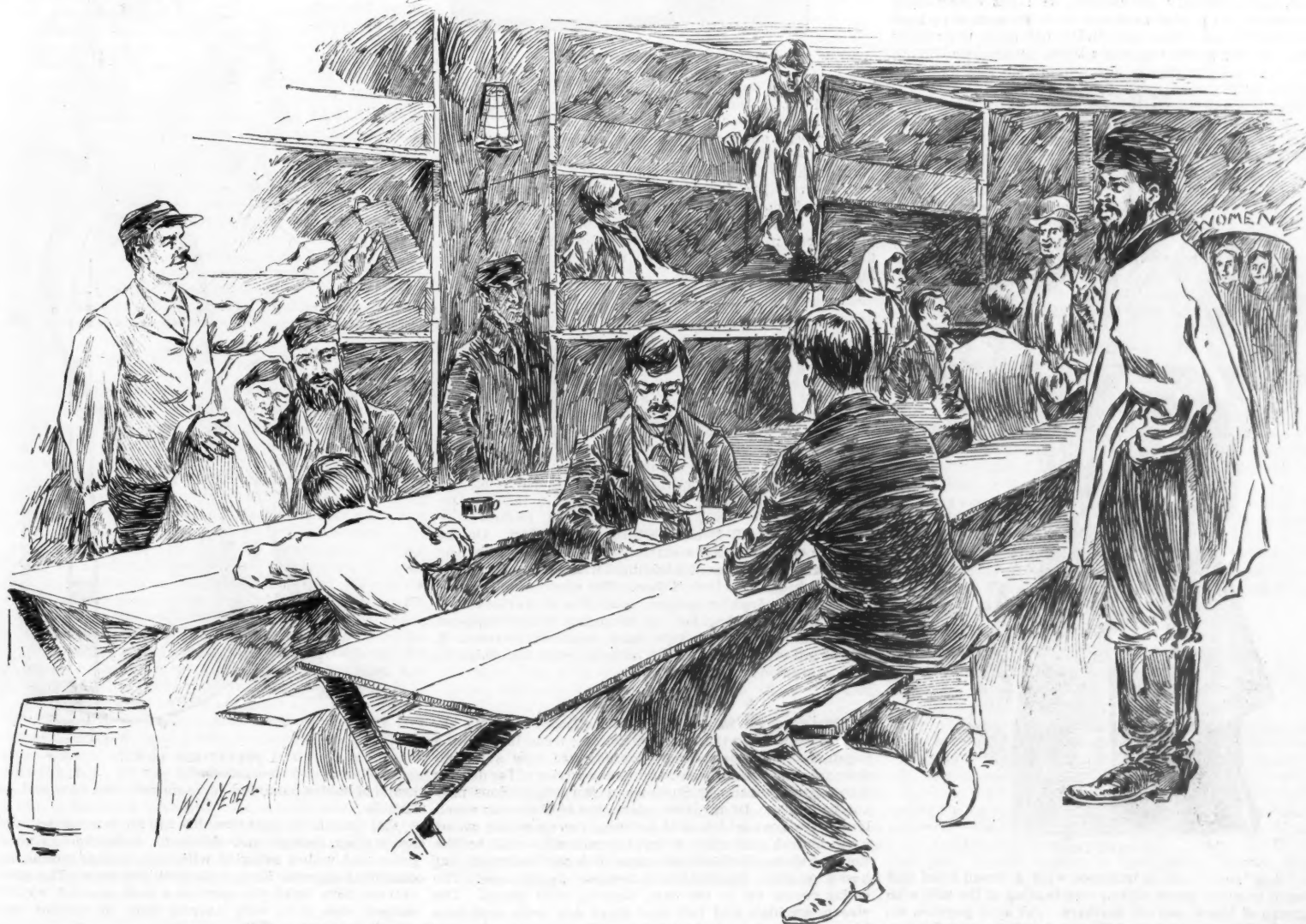
Specific diseases are those which the system contracts only once. Those most epidemic in character are the Oriental plague, cholera, measles, smallpox and



DIRTY TENANTS EVICTED BY SANITARY SQUAD.

yellow fever. Diseases less epidemic but highly infectious are typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever. These are self-propagating, the chief agents of which, and in the order named, are air, drinking water and food. Influenza or grip, is to be added to them.

ONE-HALF the world does not know that the other half could live without it.



IN THE STEERAGE AT QUARANTINE—ASSISTANT STEWARD ORDERING NOISE AND SINGING STOPPED AND LIGHTS OUT AT 9 O'CLOCK.



COMING MODES.

RUMORS fly fast that the Russian blouse will continue to find favor this coming Autumn season. Although an ugly garment at best, and extremely unbecoming to any but the most slender figures, it yet has its advantages. It is comfortable, requiring but few bones, and is equally appropriate for indoor or outdoor wear. Russian blouses just now are very much in request for children's frocks, and they certainly look better upon small people than upon women. Made upon correct lines, and cut to cover the frock entirely, they make the most successful outdoor coats, suitable for a girl of any age from five to fifteen. They are very pretty for the younger ones made in white serge edged with a fanciful design in white braid, with a white leather belt fixed just below the waist; and for the elders, in rifle-green, gendarme-blue and tan-brown cloth, bordered with black or multicolored braid or galon, they look very well.

There is every indication that long cloaks are coming in again. Short jackets, three-quarter-length coats and capes and the ugly sack-backed garments of all sorts of lengths have evidently had their day. From the signs given now, it seems quite evident that by the time cold weather sets in the warm and elegant long cloaks so long discarded will be again to the fore. Cloths and tweeds richly lined with shot silk will be largely used. The newest thing in coats has the seam right round the waist and a full basque. The basque is sometimes joined the whole way round, sometimes it is cut away just in front and terminates at the hips. If for a rather smart occasion, the space between the deep revers which trim the front is filled up with a lace jabot, and the sleeves are generally full with a deep cuff from wrist to elbow.

Beautiful coats of brocade will be worn in the house and at the theater with skirts of plain material. This is an excellent way to utilize a remnant of any good piece of silk. The illustration shows one of these charming coats of green brocade, with a vest and puffs of violet velvet, and the lace in black. An exquisite coat might be made of gray brocade, with puffs and vest of pink velvet and the lace of creamy tint.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT HATS.

It is yet too early to speak as one having authority on Autumn millinery. Just now the fashionable world is lingering in the mountains and by seashore, and the latest caprice in headgear, at these resorts, is large, white hats, trimmed with white wings and enveloped in white lace veils. Some new felt hats are shown by smart milliners. A few of these fit closely, with slightly turned-up brim and full crowns of colored velvet. Others have a strong resemblance to the old-fashioned boat shape, while others, again, are eminently picturesque, with flat crowns and open brims, or round crowns and the brims caught up here and there with an artistically studied negligé in their every twist. A very pretty one is of a light, fawn-colored felt of



BROCADE COAT.

the "flop" order, and is trimmed with a broad scarf and bows of emerald-green velvet, terminating at the side with a group of black ostrich feathers. Jet and poppies, arranged with green ribbon of the exact tint of poppy foliage,

is a fashionable hat garniture. Yellow is a favorite color and looks well on bonnets when subdued by a network of jet. The bonnets are small and fit the head closely. Smart black bonnets are trimmed with an edging of black oats and the fashionable Mephisto feathers. The clever woman is she who will take her Summer hat, and with the substitution of one flower for another, a few yards of rib-



THE PRACTICAL SEAL COAT.

bon and half a dozen pins, turn out an Autumn chapeau. She will remember that violets, primroses, daffodils and daisies are not appropriate flowers for Autumn. A knot of cherries, a cluster of poppies or deep-red roses will be used instead. In place of filmy tulle or crape will be pinned a huge bow of velvet ribbon. The fashion of black hats is greatly in favor of successful Autumn changes, for, though no amount of retrimming a white or cream hat will ever make it look seasonable in September, a black lace hat, by trimming with a bunch of grapes or a flaring bow of poppy-red velvet, may look quite in keeping with your fur pelerine.

A PRETTY RED GOWN.

ALWAYS at this season of the year does red, bright red, make its appearance. A welcome visitor, too, with its hints of warmth and luxury. A pretty girl in a pretty red gown always takes on an additional charm. There is a touch of diablerie, a bit of audacity about a red gown which clings to no other. On a stormy Winter night, or a dreary rainy November afternoon, there is no more gladdening sight to masculine eyes than this cheerful color, enhancing the charms of an attractive woman. Red gowns will be very much in favor for house wear this Autumn. A charming design is shown in the illustration. It may be made of foulard, surah, cashmere or crêpe de Chine. It is made with a double skirt. On the left side of the front the skirt opens, and the part of the underskirt thus exposed is trimmed with horizontal bands of galon, braid or velvet ribbon. The sleeves and draped yoke may be of white mousseline chiffon or scarlet crape, as the wearer may prefer. A deep frill of lace is placed below the revers which turn back to show the yoke. A belt of galon or scarlet velvet ribbon gives the finish to this dainty bodice.

A WORD ABOUT FURS.

WHILE yet the warm, drowsy days linger it seems absurd to even think that a day is coming when furs will be required. However, as many women are now selecting their furs for Winter wear, and as the advice of fur dealers is to buy their wares in Summer, a few suggestions may not be amiss. In the first place, the sealskin par excellence—the coat which will be worn for shopping, street wear, church and other every-day pursuits—will be like the coat shown in the illustration. It is not beautiful, but has a sensible, practical, comfortable appearance. The collar comes up to the ears, defying cold blasts. The sleeves are high and full, and there are deep, capacious hip-pockets. A capital coat for ordinary wear. A more

elaborate sea coat is in sack shape, with full sleeves drawn into a deep gauntlet cuff at the wrist, and with a Watteau plait in the back, so arranged as to be removed, if desired. The Russian style still obtains in the most elegant fur garments. A cloak of dark seal has a circular, cape-like yoke, outlined by a narrow band of wolverine, and is lined throughout with delicate mauve bengaline. An Elizabethan cape of seal with reversible collar is attractive. White sable and musk will be largely used for trimmings; Astrachan and Persian lamb will retain their hold on popular favor. Sea otter, blue fox and skunk will also be used. A smart evening cloak is of turquoise-blue cloth with a double line of marten arranged to form a trimming all round the hem of the cloak and down the front, as well as to take the shape of a deep cape round the shoulders. Lined with blue and silver brocade this is a charming and effective cloak. The useful little boas, or, rather, ties of sable, just long enough to go once round the neck and fasten with a small head, will be worn again with cloth costumes. The combination of sable with seal is likely to be the exquisite leading fancy of the coming season. Nothing is more superb than a circular seal cape richly trimmed with sable tail round the neck, as well as round the skirt of the cloak. Sometimes the tails are mounted separately so as to form a kind of border; sometimes there are double lines of sable trimming. These are ideal garments for carriage wraps.

ODDS AND ENDS.

SOME of the new colors have very poetic names. "Paradis" is a brilliant yellow, "Salammbô" is a vivid red, "Pygmalion" is a yellowish brown, "Iolande" a new shade of blue, "Cerisette" a cherry-red, "Coquelicot" the red of the wild poppy, "Angeline" a tender apple-green and "Floxine" a reddish lilac.

Corduroy is again in favor, and will be used for Autumn costumes. A heliotrope corduroy, conventionally figured with faint lines of a darker shade, is smartly trimmed with black braid, and waistband, collar and cuffs of heliotrope velvet.

A Paisley shawl makes a very good opera or evening cloak. It may be appliquéd on black velvet on the shoulders and down the center of the back and front, lined with white silk and trimmed with a fringe catching all the hues of the shawl.

Frieze cloth in blue, crimson and dark-brown, with a broken line of dim gold, and flat, black curls all over the stuff will make quaint Autumn gowns. Amazon cloth with black silk flowers on it and ottomans with a broché design in old-gold are novelties. Everything will be more "shot" than ever this Autumn—reps, bengalines and all will shimmer in two colors, and green is the favorite tint of the coming season.

Brooches formed of diamond fish with ruby eyes; diamond field mice investigating an ear of wheat, and moonstone



A PRETTY RED GOWN.

heads of babies bonneted in diamonds are new and irresistible.

Cut velvets in double width are an innovation. They are striped, spotted and checked. A checked in mauve, green and yellow mingled with deep purple would make charming sleeves for a dark cloth costume. The spotted velvets have light silk spots on a dark ground, while the striped ones show very narrow lines of various colors closely woven together.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

[Five days are required to print ONCE A WEEK, and this page is changed every morning.]

GREENLAND EXPLORED.

LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY and his companions sailed on the *Kite* from the foot of Warren street, Brooklyn, on June 6, 1891. Besides Mrs. Peary, who was the first white woman to brave the rigors of Greenland, were the crew and the members of the North Greenland Exploring Expedition of the Academy of Natural Sciences. The crew consisted of Chief Mate Edward Tracy, Boat-swain Patrick Dunlap, Chief Engineer William Jardine, Second Engineer Alexander McKinley, Steward Patrick Welsh, Cook Thomas Pepper, Firemen Andrew Roost, Edward Cook, John Cunningham, Thomas Collins, John Cummings, John Verge and Timothy Looney.

The steam whaler *Kite*, Richard Pike, master, arrived at St John's, N. F., on the 11th inst., having on board the following members of the Peary and Peary relief expeditions: Lieutenant and Mrs. R. E. Peary, Langdon Gibson, E. Astrup, Dr. F. A. Cook and Mat Henson, of the Peary expedition, and Professor Angelo Heilprin, Henry G. Bryant, Dr. J. M. Mills, William E. Meehan, Samuel En-trikin, Albert W. Vorse, Frank Stokes and C. E. Hite, of the relief expedition.

No special hardships were experienced by the Peary party during last Winter, although several members were afflicted with the gripe. At the time of the arrival of the *Kite* the sturdy band was still well provided with fuel and provisions, the latter sufficient to last for another three or four months. No effects of the siege are observable on Mrs. Peary, who battled through the dreary Winter days with the full energy of the male members of the expedition. The lowest temperature recorded during the Winter was minus fifty-three degrees, or nineteen degrees above the lowest that has heretofore been registered. The sun sank below the horizon early in November, appearing again on February 15th. A sledge journey of upward of fourteen hundred miles was accomplished with the result of determining the northern boundaries of the mainland mass of Greenland. The route originally laid out by Lieutenant Peary, passing the Humboldt glacier and Petermann Peak, and Sherard, Osborn and Edwards, was adhered to as closely as circumstances would permit, and but few departures from the plan of traveling as first conceived were necessitated.

Most of the journey was made over an unbroken expanse of ice and snow, which, rising in gentle sweeps and undulations, attained an elevation of seven to eight thousand feet, falling off to the four points of the compass. Travel over this surface was much as Lieutenant Peary had anticipated—easy and devoid of danger. From fifteen to twenty miles were traversed daily and an average of nearly thirty miles during the last ten days of the journey.

No traces of human life presented themselves during the entire journey, and scarcely a vestige of animals, excepting snow-buntings at or about the Humboldt glacier and sea-gulls, which flitted across the narrow north. A number of musk oxen were observed and procured beyond the eightieth parallel.

The ethnological work of the expedition is probably more complete than any that has heretofore been conducted in the far North. The exceptional facilities afforded through long association with the natives and their employment in all the various capacities which a household graced by the presence of a white woman demanded, give the researches in this department especial significance. A complete census of all the Arctic Highlanders, or Esquimaux, living north of the ice barrier of Melville Bay, with the names and relationships of the different individuals, was taken, together with the photographs of more than one-half of the entire population. The enumeration gives a total of less than two hundred and fifty souls. This most isolated tribe lives in a simplicity of existence which finds no parallel. The gifts of charity, which the generosity of Philadelphia has supplied, consisting of all manner of articles useful in construction and the necessities of the chase, may alter this condition of life, which is more ancient than any on the American continent.

The scientific collections made during the present Summer by the relief expedition are very extensive in all departments touched by it. Especially fortunate were the dredgings made in McCormack Bay, where a number of exceedingly rare forms of animal life were discovered.

Several blocks of the famous meteoric stone of Oviak, aggregating more than two hundred pounds, were secured through the assistance of the Esquimaux.

The members of the party enjoyed good health during the entire journey. Every assistance to their work was given by Captain Pike and the members of his crew.

Professor J. M. Verhoeff, of the Peary party, whose safety is not assured by the dispatch, is described as a man of enormous endurance, but physically weak. He was the smallest of the party and not at all strong. When the expedition first reached Godhaven on the island of Disco, Professor Verhoeff surprised the Esquimaux on board the ship by stripping to the waist and jumping overboard for a swim. No Esquimaux ever takes a bath and very few can swim, and they thought he was insane. A severe chill followed his icy bath, but the swimmer soon recovered.

Mr. Verhoeff, whose only near relatives appear to be a brother and sister, was about twenty-five years old, a former student of Yale College and latterly a resident of Louisville, Ky. He was much interested in mineralogical and statistical studies, his close application to detail making him a valuable assistant. He was entrusted with the meteorological and tidal work during Lieutenant Peary's absence on the inland ice. The observations made by him are considered to be of unusual value.

Each member of the relief expedition signed an agree-

ment on June 8th by which they pledged themselves to become members of the expedition fitted out under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, the leadership of which was delegated to Professor Angelo Heilprin. They individually and collectively promised, "upon their solemn honor," to faithfully observe, fulfill and carry out each and every stipulation. It was agreed that in the event of the loss or disability of Professor Heilprin that the same obligations should be extended to the second in command, Henry G. Bryant.

All materials and specimens secured it was agreed should be deposited with the Academy of Natural Sciences.

THE FALL OF KING JOHN.

This is the Athletic Age!

The cholera was forgotten for twenty-four hours! Hamburg and the New York quarantine took second place in importance, throughout the "civilized" world, to New Orleans. The Olympic Club House was the center of American thought. Had not a Harvard professor, at the center of American culture, examined and expatiated on the splendid manly qualities of the then champion of the world! The undeniable fact that no event in the history of this country since the shooting of Garfield has com-



MR. JAMES J. CORBETT.

manded such universal interest must be the excuse of ONCE A WEEK for referring to the event. It is demanded as a matter of record and as a part of the history of our era.

John Lawrence Sullivan, since 1882 champion pugilist of the world, was defeated in twenty-one rounds at New Orleans, on September 8th, by James John Corbett, a young Californian, aged twenty-six. The fall of "King John" was a startling surprise to four-fifths of the people of this country; it was a crushing blow to the sporting fraternity that had supported the champion at odds of three and four to one. It was a dreadful misfortune to Sullivan, because it abruptly ends his career as pugilist, actor and swell. It was the first defeat he had ever met, though he has been twenty-one times in the ring. (Fatal number; three times seven.)

The battle was fought under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. The official time of the fight was one hour and twenty-one minutes and forty-five seconds. These rules, always considered favorable to Sullivan, compel the contestants to fight for three consecutive minutes, with one minute's rest between rounds, a man going down must rise and take more punishment within ten seconds or lose the fight. Sullivan never once leveled his right. He fought himself to a standstill in his efforts to get at his skillful antagonist. Seven thousand men saw the fight.

THE WHITE CRUISERS AS PEACE-MAKERS.

Venezuela's appeal for protection from the threatening encroachments of Great Britain upon her territory has been answered by President Harrison. The situation is one which will undoubtedly give an opportunity for the emphatic assertion by the President of the famous Monroe Doctrine. The sealed instructions which, on the 11th, were delivered to Admiral Walker on board the *Chicago* entrusted him with a mission more important, it is believed, than any that has been confided to an American naval officer in recent years.

Admiral Walker's mission to La Guayra, with his squadron, will be, it is thought, to proffer the friendly intervention of the United States to the Venezuelan authorities for the purpose of preventing the final absorption of Venezuelan territory by Great Britain; and further, to secure the restoration of the statu quo as to boundaries, as it existed prior to 1887, and to obtain consent for the submission to arbitration of the question of title to the territory in dispute between the two governments.

The encroachments of Great Britain were, in 1887, re-

ferred to Bayard, who authorized Minister Phelps to express to Lord Salisbury "apprehension lest the widening pretensions of British Guiana to possess territory over which Venezuelan jurisdiction has never, heretofore, been disputed," might "oblige the good disposition of the United States to aid in a settlement to give place to a feeling of grave concern."

The British Government, it is understood, demands that Venezuela relinquish her claim to all territory north of the "Schornburgh line," which runs westward from Amacura, on the Orinoco delta, and that arbitration be limited to territory south of that line, on which Great Britain has already seriously encroached. The British now lay claim to almost the entire territory north of the Caroni and east of the Orinoco below the mouth of the Caroni. This includes, of course, the vast territory of Yuruari, wherein are situated the rich and productive gold mines of Caratal and Colloa.

The restoration of diplomatic relations between Venezuela and Great Britain has recently been brought about through the good offices of minister Lincoln during the closing days of the Salisbury Government, but there British concession stopped. As our minister to Venezuela subsequently reported: "The vital point in the dispute—namely, the command of the great mouth of the Orinoco—is precisely the one which Great Britain now refuses to submit to friendly arbitration."

Immediately after the seizure of Barimr the British authorities ordered three war steamers of their Barbadoes squadron—the *Bellerophon*, the *Emerald* and the *Part-ridge*—to rendezvous in Demerara waters.

Admiral Walker's three cruisers—the *Chicago*, the *Concord* and the *Kearsarge*—will very neatly offset the British squadron, and will just a little outclass them.

SOLOMAN AND HIS DIAMOND.

Mendel Newman, a New York jeweler, sent his son with a two-hundred-dollar diamond to a customer, who was about to purchase. On the way the boy met a friend named Goldberg and showed him the stone. Goldberg and the treasure disappeared so quickly that young Newman was unable to head him off. Henry Rose, a bartender of Jersey City, lost a diamond about the same time. Repentance came to young Goldberg, and he turned over a diamond to police headquarters, claiming he had found it. The property clerk notified both Newman and Rose. A suit was begun before Judge Goldfogle, of the Fifth District Court, in which Rose was defendant and Newman plaintiff.

Both parties testified most positively that the particular diamond was the one owned by him, and each swore that he could not be mistaken.

While the defendant was on the stand the judge toyed with the diamond and finally handed it to him again, and once more asked him how he identified it so positively. He again swore that the diamond which he held in his hand was the one which he had worn on his shirt-front for several years. He could not be mistaken. The setting, size and even the color of the stone proved to him that it was his.

"That will do," said the judge. "You may step down. Let Newman take the stand." Rose laid the diamond on the edge of the judge's desk, in full view, and on Newman taking the witness chair he was told by the judge to look at the stone again and repeat why he, too, was so sure about his identification. After examining it a moment he astonished counsel and spectators by saying: "Your Honor, that is not my stone." Newman's counsel stood agast at his client's statement.

The situation was cleared, however, when Judge Goldfogle said: "Gentlemen, I am prepared to decide this case without hearing further testimony. The diamond which Rose swears he wore for several years past is mine, and I have just taken it from my bosom. As the size and setting of my stone is slightly different from the one in suit, and as mine is identified by Rose as his, he certainly cannot own the one in litigation, and, therefore, I must declare that to belong to the plaintiff Newman. As I have worn my diamond for a number of years that cannot belong to Rose, and he will, therefore, be compelled to go further in quest of his lost gem."

AH SIN AND THE BIG SIX.

The officers of the Chinese Six Companies at San Francisco have issued a proclamation, calling upon all Chinamen in the United States to defy the Geary law, and refuse to register.

They also demand a contribution of one dollar from each Chinaman in the United States toward a fund to be used in testing the constitutionality of the act.

They threaten to disown all Chinamen who register, and will refuse them passes back to China in case they wish to return. They have also appealed to the Chinese Government for aid against the law they call unjust.

"FOR THE LAST TIME."

A Romance of Modern London, concerns Douglas Con-rath and his adopted sister, Bee, whose lives are a striking illustration of the truth that we are not masters of our own destiny unless we are aided by circumstances. These two are real, living characters; human nature has a stronger sway over them and the other dramatic personae of this intensely human narrative than any mere extraneous conditions, although the latter keep shifting and working on unexpected lines throughout. The charm of the story consists in its truth to nature and to life, and in the unexpected complications which turn up in every chapter. It will appear in three parts, Vol. IX., Nos. 23, 24, 25.

A BORDEN CASE IN GERMANY.

I WAS greatly interested in your researches into the Borden murder mystery. It recalls a case in the German criminal reports (1817). The victim was a rich and covetous goldsmith, aged sixty, named Christopher Ruprecht. He was a widower; but a maiden sister and his married daughter, with her husband, lived with him. One evening, at a late hour, the goldsmith was overheard groaning; and upon being sought out was discovered "lying near the house door, breathing, covered with blood that flowed from a wound four inches long on his



WHERE THE CORBETT-SULLIVAN MATCH TOOK PLACE.

head, extending along the left side from front to back and deeper in the center than at the ends."

When dying the goldsmith was heard to exclaim: "The ax—the ax—my daughter!" He repeated these words several times. But the victim died without further

The word "villain" suggested that the perpetrator was a man and not a woman. Accordingly, after the woodcutter's alibi, other men were looked for; and a soldier with whom the victim had had a quarrel was arrested; but he also proved an alibi.

In those days detectives, as now, followed clews even to the verge of absurdity; and, of course, several Schmidts of the neighborhood were arrested and examined, only to be also absolved.

Very soon it was discovered that the old goldsmith had made a will leaving all his money to the daughter. This furnished a motive; and her husband—who was a ne'er-do-well, not on the best of terms with his father-in-law, who had several times called the son a "villain"—became suspected; but he, too, proved an alibi.

Public opinion of the neighborhood variously fluctuated toward the daughter. She was (in the continental and medieval fashion of presuming guilt on suspicion, and of making an accused prove innocence), subjected to a rigid and even merciless examination. This she bore with perfect sang froid, although making several contradictory statements. She explained her anxiety respecting her father's keys, by averring that she wished to immediately ascertain whether there had been any robbery of his effects. But nothing was missing, and this incident intensified the mystery as seemingly conclusive against the idea of a stranger having accomplished the murder.

There was at that time an apprentice and a maid servant somewhat suspected; but these cleared themselves of motive, means and opportunity—the three conditions precedent to the charging of all crime against any person. The suspicion was at the outset strong against the apprentice, because he had, at his master's request, passed most of the afternoon before the fatality in aiding the goldsmith to arrange private papers. In fact, against each suspected person there were some circumstances which suggested guilt, but which, when extended toward proof, always lacked links to a reasonable chain of guilty evidence.

No trial at law was ever had. Opinions, while these centered upon the daughter for a long time, fluctuated as to her guilt or innocence; and it appears that, like in the recent Borden case, her phlegmatic and apparently un-



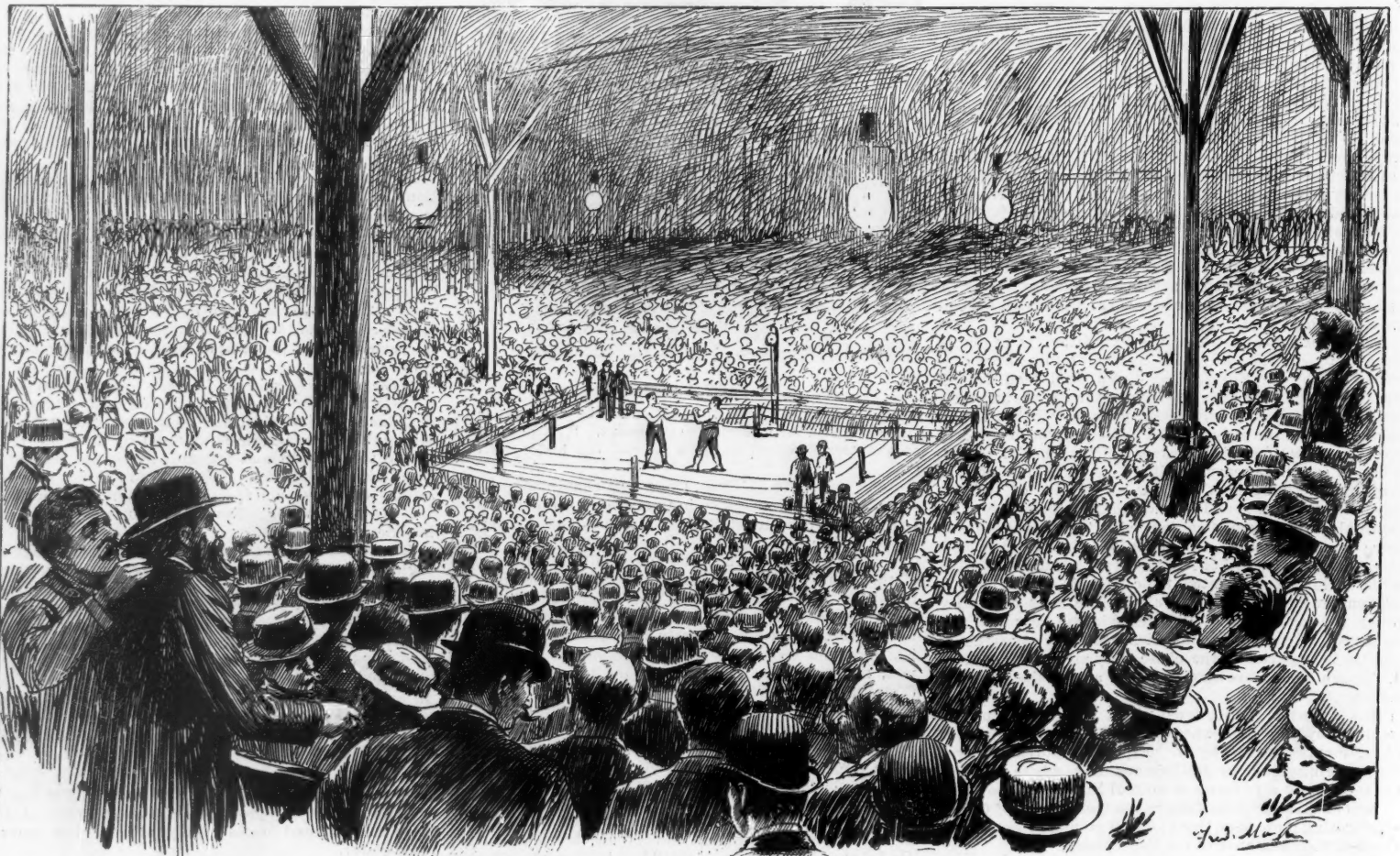
"I LIKE CORBETT, BUT HE MUST TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF."
[From Sullivan Interview in ONCE A WEEK, May 10, 1892.]

FASHION NOTES.

A NEW silk is called *armure céleste*. It has a horizontal rib in two shades, the high rib of one shade, the line between of another. This gives a shot effect. Two shades of heliotrope, eau-de-nil and mauve and maize are shown.

A beautiful brocade has a ground of pale-green, with a design of water-lilies sheltered by bulrushes.

Princess gowns have returned. Many are made with Watteau plaits and corselet bands which are rather unpardonable. The Princess gown should mold to the figure with no superfluous fripperies.



THE CORBETT-SULLIVAN ENCOUNTER—SCENE WHEN "TIME" WAS FIRST CALLED.—(See page 11.)

story. The daughter was observed to show a want of feeling when first apprised of the wounding; and her first concern seemed to be whether her father had his keys about him, and having found these in his pockets she took possession of them. Moreover, she displayed a strong anxiety to fix the guilt upon a neighboring woodcutter, Schmidt, against whom her father had only a short time before brought a lawsuit. Among the dying man's ejaculations had been the words "Schmidt," "villain" and "ax." Some of the authorities thought that the utterance was a dying declaration against the woodcutter. Accordingly he was arrested; but only to prove a clear alibi, although an ax was found in his house with human blood on the handle—explained, however, by the fact that he had recently cut the palm of his hand.

Other of the legal authorities merely traced the utterance of the name Schmidt to a possible retrospection in the victim's fevered fancy about the lawsuit, which had resulted disastrously to the murdered man and perplexed his mind.

concerned behavior excited great gossip and warm comment. The responsibility for the murder of the goldsmith was never even morally fixed, and the tragedy remains in the German annals of crime a mystery and an instance of the weakness of the maxim "murder will out."

That murder of 1817, however, curiously resembles this Borden murder of 1892 in such similarities as are exhibited in wounds, in the suspicion of patricide, in a figuring of an ax or hatchet, in the matter of last will and testament-making, in the conflict of public opinion, in a rigid examination of each suspected woman—for the purpose, perhaps, of extorting confessions—and in the remarkable exhibition of nerve-power shown by each daughter.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

A YOUNG man, in a town near Manchester, was charged before the magistrates with being drunk and disorderly. It was not his first offense, and the magistrate, knowing him, asked him what he had to say this time.

"I am very sorry, sir," was the reply, "and if you will let me off this time I'll do as much for you some day."

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

September 18—Sunday—

"But O! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace."—Spenser.

September 19—Monday—"When a sick man turns boxer and strikes his nurse his senses are surely gone."—Horace's Satires.

September 20—Tuesday—"Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

September 21—Wednesday—Apropos of Corbett and Sullivan—

"What might have been, I know is not:
What must be, must be borne:
But, ah! what hath been will not be forgot."—Owen Meredith.

September 22—Thursday—

"A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
Which being full of duties is for this
Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes."—R. C. Trench.

September 23—Friday—"Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits."—Burke.

September 24—Saturday—"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you."—St. John, xiii. 34.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.]

ONCE A WEEK.

13

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

By JOHN HABBERTON

IS ANY patriotic and extremely partisan soul fearing that the country will go to the dogs on Election Day, merely because some wheelhorse of his own party is balky and refuses to come out of his stall and go to work? If so, let him take comfort from the thought that balking is a not uncommon fault of political wheelhorses and that there is quite as much sulking on the one side as on the other. No man, no matter how well his friends may think of him, is necessary to the salvation of any country; among the great multitude of self-appointed leaders there always are a lot of men who are nation-savers for revenue only, and when offices and promises are not distributed to suit them they pick up their wounded dignity and retire. The party that cannot succeed without the aid of such fellows does not deserve to live, for parties in a republic stand for principles, not men. Aside from all this, there

the pleasure of hearing him explain. Calling upon him one day at one of the two homes between which he alternated, I was followed to the door of the reception-room by a handsome setter dog, who remained motionless as I stood awaiting the poet. Whittier, after greeting me, pressed me into a chair; then the dog approached me gravely, sat down beside me and laid his head in my lap, while the old man laughed and said the entire ceremony was one which the dog had devised for himself and never omitted when a visitor appeared. Nor was this all of it; whenever, during our chat of an hour, the poet laughed—as he did frequently and heartily—the dog arose and wagged his tail approvingly, resuming his trustful position as soon as the laughter ended.

There are indications that the cholera scare will give an encouraging lift to temperance movements of all kinds. Physicians in general are warning their clients against eating or drinking anything which subject the alimentary organs to excitement, and are saying anew that alcohol in any form is one of the most powerful of excitants, leaving the digestive powers too weak to resist disease. The physical experts of life insurance companies are more searching than ever in their questions as to the daily working condition and treatment of the stomach, and even

best of everything, but they kick savagely at monopolists and barons being supported at the public expense. The Navy Department cannot be too prompt and explicit at nailing recent lies—if lies they are.

Northern men have often been taunted by their friends at the South, for caring very little about the colored man, however much they might talk about him and for him. More than a month ago a colored well-digger, on Long Island, was suddenly entombed by the "caving" of a well in which he was working. No one imagined the poor fellow could live more than a few moments after the accident, yet efforts were at once made to recover the body. The well was more than a hundred feet deep and the soil was treacherous, but the work continued for five full weeks—continued until the well-digger's body was found, brought to the surface and decently buried. If anything of the kind has been more decently done, in any part of the country, for a laborer of any race, color or condition, Long Island would like to hear of it.

Pennsylvania people are rejoicing, and justly, over the report made to the headquarters of the army at Washington on the condition and conduct of the State militia during the recent distasteful duty at the scene of the strikes. The report was made by an officer of the regular army,



THE LAST CROQUET PARTY AT THE SHORE.

are but few bosses and ex-bosses but know that the people, hoodwinked, tricked and misled though they often are, do not vote nations to the dogs; people are not made that way. So long as the voters think honestly before they go to the polls they can afford to laugh at all who sulk.

What seeming contradictions there were in the life, just ended, of the poet Whittier! The present generation knows him only as a writer of sweet, soul-inspiring verse; for an earlier generation he dipped his pen in gall and wrote some of the most savage diatribes that can be found in print. Although a Quaker by birth and life, he was a hard fighter and a persistent hater; loving all sinners, he hated all sin, and he wielded his pen as fearlessly and persistently as ever a soldier swung saber or drove bayonet. Thousands who knew him only through his earlier writings imagined him a rugged giant; in reality he was a slender invalid, who could always depend upon a headache to keep him company. Unlike most of the men with whom he stood shoulder to shoulder in the days when it was death to popularity to say a word against slavery, he lived to see his heart's desire accomplished, and to love his enemies for the sufferings they had endured, and to be loved by them in return, for the sweetness of his spirit—an end which any well-meaning soul might honestly covet.

Disliking ceremony as heartily as any other Quaker, Whittier had for some years witnessed in his own home a ceremonial which greatly amused him and which I had

though the experts themselves may be too friendly toward John Barleycorn and fond of seeing "the bloom is on the rye"—in glasses—they are urging all applicants to stop drinking. Physiologists are again repeating the old and true story that the more a man drinks the less will he eat, although health can be maintained only by sufficient food, no kind of liquor being food at all. All this talk, by men who know what they are talking about, must have a great deal of effect, so the cholera scare may, after all, become a sunny-faced blessing.

It is to be hoped that there is no basis to the hints and insinuations that recent changes in the shape and arrangement of armor-plates for our new war vessels have been made for the purpose of benefiting certain barons of the iron trade. For many years we were without a navy worthy of the name, because Congress was not willing to intrust money for new ships to high officials who might be named. When the change came, the people were delighted; pictures of the new cruisers may be found on the walls of thousands of homes of taxpayers, rich and poor, who live far in the interior and never saw a ship, yet who are full of national pride which they are willing to back with their full share of the national tax levy, direct or indirect. The navy is delighted at the interest which it has excited, for both officers and men long for appreciation; money alone is poor pay for naval or military service. One single scandal, though, will do the service more harm than could be worked by the loss of a dozen ships. The poorest of our people want the government to have the

detailed for the purpose, and it is complimentary in all respects, which will make it interesting to the "powers that be" in some States which are still without uniformed militia. It is the custom to regard members of militia regiments as a lot of spirited young fellows, who nevertheless are attracted to the service merely by the glitter of brass buttons and the promise of lots of fun at drills, parades and balls. The Pennsylvania regiments, however, like the New York militia in the railway yards at Buffalo, showed themselves amenable to discipline, faithful on duty, peaceable in camp and respectful to all civilians, the strikers included. They were everything that soldiers should be and nothing that good citizens should not be. The admirable manner in which their unpleasant and inglorious duty was discharged should give an impetus to organization in the States still without regiments, for militia, after all, is only a reserve police force, and the need of such a force is continually being shown by outbreaks of all kinds, too great for ordinary peace officers to suppress.

Americans can always be depended upon to do something unusual—something which other people never thought of. The latest is the organization of a syndicate to purchase the volcanic mountain Popocatepetl, in Mexico, and "work it" for two very dissimilar products—sulphur and ice—both of which exist in large quantities near the top of the mountain. The enterprising Americans purpose placing an electric railway on the slope to bring down the fiery and cooling deposits which have ac-

accumulated at the top, and if, before they get through, they don't place on the very edge of the crater an American restaurant, with all the luxuries of the season at popular prices, they will be entirely unlike the stock from which they sprang. Volcanoes have been "worked" before, generally for gold, which, in old times, lava was supposed to be; but of late years the longest way round has proved the shortest cut to gold and all it will buy. Still, the idea of purchasing a volcano! One would almost as soon expect to hear of some enterprising fellow securing an option on a planet.

While it is one of the most imperative of unwritten laws that "the few must suffer for the many," it is not the less true that the "few" Americans who suffer most from the cholera scare are becoming numerous, and deserve more sympathy than they are receiving. They are the thousands who, returning from trips abroad, have been stopped almost at their own doors and detained on the infected ships which brought them over. They are in no way to blame for the outbreak of the disease, nor have any of them contracted it, yet to protect millions against the scourge these thousands are kept in confinement and fear—two influences powerful enough to make any strong man sick, unless a powerful will intervenes. Almost any of them would rather take their chances as soldiers on a battlefield, for anything is easier than sitting still in the face of an unseen terror. Not all these sufferers are men; among them are many delicate women and little children. As for the detained immigrants, who have long looked forward to America as to an escape from prison, their position is still more disheartening. Small wonder that armed patrols are necessary to keep the unoffending prisoners from running the risk of drowning in their desire to escape.

Our new Naval War College, just opened, is very modest as to the size of classes and duration of the college course; nevertheless, it will do a needed service heretofore undone. No other navy in the world equals ours in intelligence of officers; many a passed midshipman in our new vessels can give some foreign officers points on seamanship, gunnery and drill. The ultimate purpose of a navy, however, is fitness for possible war; until recently our own ships have been so few, bad and scattered that instruction in the art of war, as distinguished from having fighting tools in good condition, has been impossible. To remedy this fault there are to be successive classes at the War College of twenty-four officers, each class to remain two months and to be kept hard at work, listening to instructions which mean strictly business. Captain Mahan, the head of the college, is held in highest respect by naval officers and authorities throughout the world for being author of the most comprehensive book ever written on the purpose and influence of navies, and his staff of instructors will be greater than the class. This college is one of the new enterprises at which not the stingiest taxpayer can grumble, for the instructors, as well as the students, are already in the employ of the government, and the incidental expenses are but trifling.

One of the uncomfortable results which the prize-fighter Sullivan will find in his defeat is the scarcity of people who are sorry for him. The indulgence which has long been granted the prize-ring comes largely from the feeling that fisticuffs generally means play rather than war, and is a development of the rough-and-tumble pommeling which all boys delight in for mere fun's sake. The big fellows who punch one another for money affect most close observers as being not yet out of their boyhood, so simple and good-natured are they. But Sullivan didn't impress people as good-natured; perhaps there was something genial in him, but if so he kept it from getting out, while at times he did turn a bad temper loose with tongue or fist. There's no sport in ugliness, nor any sympathy with it among men who like rude play.

England is supposed to be far behind the times in most respects, but an English court has just dealt with a firm of stock brokers after a fashion which many victims of speculators would like to see imported and made common here. It was all about some stock which promoters wanted

to boom and sell, and the prices of which were made by collusion, the buyers for a long time being also the sellers, through a method quite well understood in Wall Street. After prices were made in this manner some genuine purchasers were attracted, only to find that what they had purchased had little or no value, so they became angry, took their case into court and made misery for the brokers, the judge holding that a man or firm intrusted with money for investment occupies a position of trust, as well as being a purchasing agency, and that to take money for the purchase of a stock known to be bad, and without warning the would-be investor, is to be guilty of conspiracy. Such a decision on this side of the water would send thousands of brokers to the poorhouse or jail, but it would save better men from being swindled.

THE LATEST BRIGADIER.

GENERAL EUGENE A. CARR, whom President Harrison has appointed to the vacant brigadier-generalship occasioned by General Stanley's retirement, was, until recently, colonel of the Sixth Cavalry. General Carr is a native of New York, and was appointed a cadet at the Military Academy, in September, 1846. He was commissioned in the regular service as second lieutenant, in June, 1851; as



BRIGADIER-GENERAL EUGENE A. CARR, U.S.A.

first lieutenant, First Cavalry, in March, 1855; as captain, Fourth Cavalry, in June, 1858; as major in the Fifth Cavalry, in July, 1862; as lieutenant-colonel in the Fourth Cavalry, in January, 1873, and as colonel in the Sixth Cavalry, in April, 1879. During the war General Carr received the following brevets in the regular service: that of lieutenant-colonel, August 10, 1861, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.; that of colonel, May 17, 1863, for like conduct in the action of the Black River Bridge, Mississippi; that of brigadier-general, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service in the capture of Little Rock, Ark., and that of major-general, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious service during the war.

The record of General Carr has been a long, faithful and active one, and from its beginning, with two expeditions to the Rocky Mountains in '52-'53, through several Indian engagements in 1860, down to and including the late war, General Carr participated in many of the battles which contributed to the ultimate success of the Union army, and displayed daring coolness and judgment, which won for him the praise of his senior officers and the gratitude of the people of the Union. Since the war he has participated in several important Indian engagements, in all of which he has been highly successful. He is a man of gentle manners, and to converse with him in civilian attire one would not think him to be the distinguished warrior that he is.

SHE—"I understand that you and Nelly are married and happy?"
HE—"Yes. That is, she's happy, and I'm married."

AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

WHILE the alarm over the possibility of cholera reaching our shores prevails it is useless to expect investors to increase their lines of stocks; on the contrary, it will be a matter for congratulation if they do not part with those which they have. In the meantime, speculation in the stock market is confined almost wholly to professional operators, and the disposition to trade on the bear side is undoubted. No one, under the present circumstances, is inclined to take large risks, for all admit the possibility of the outbreak of the disease on shore at any moment, and it is recognized that in the face of such a disaster the prices of railway stocks would be apt to decline with a velocity which would mean bankruptcy to all but the strongest. It is not disputed that prices may advance, for the market never goes one way all the time, but the shrewd speculator is now the seller on all bulges. Each succeeding tide leaves its mark at a lower level.

Just how long this state of affairs is to continue no one can tell. If the Quarantine authorities hold the disease in the lower bay of New York and succeed in keeping it away from the land a sort of semi-confidence may be restored, but there is no avoiding the prevailing impression that the real fight against the disease is to be made next Spring. Until it is proven that we are not to be visited by an epidemic of cholera the stock market, no matter how satisfactory general conditions may be, will be held in check. Stocks are now in strong hands and there may be no panic, but nothing can be more certain before eventuation than that there can be no great appreciation in values during the coming period of doubt and uncertainty.

The industrial stocks have commanded a large share of attention since the scare about cholera set in, but they have not shown continued weakness by any means. While of course they will suffer with all other properties in the event of cholera, it will not be to the same extent. Reduced traffic, unfortunate climatic conditions and various other circumstances which play important parts where railroads are concerned, have very little to do with the production of such staples as Sugar, Cordage, White Lead and Cotton Oil, to say nothing of Electric Light. The stocks of these manufacturing companies are for this reason undoubtedly growing in favor with speculators, and as they are all large dividend payers, or promise becoming such, their strength in the market is hardly surprising.

The dividend on Sugar has been increased recently and is now at the rate of ten per cent. per annum. Cordage is earning seventeen per cent., although not paying that amount. General Electric is a sure eight per cent. and Lead is rapidly making its way to the dividend paying list. Cotton Oil has many friends.

There has been a very large short interest in Reading and the other coal stocks, based on the belief that the opponents of the anthracite combination would alternately succeed in upsetting it. More recently it has been increased on rumors of a rate war with the Pennsylvania, and it has become so large as to offer a shining mark to those who control the property. There are those who believe that a squeeze in Reading could be easily engineered under existing circumstances, and the recent strength in the stock suggests that the preliminary steps in that direction have been already taken.

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Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne pepper, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose: fifteen to thirty drops in a little cold water, according to age and violence of symptoms, repeated every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained. [Cut this out and paste it in your scrapbook.]

CATCHING A TARTAR.

DURING the recent excitement over dynamite explosions in Paris, when anarchists were causing disasters under the noses of the police, and many were escaping detection, a policeman one day found in the street a pocketbook containing thirty thousand francs.

He took it to the central police office and gave it to his chief, who examined and made a note of its contents.

A few minutes later a rich farmer from Normandy arrived at the office, and declared that he had lost a pocketbook containing thirty thousand francs. He described the contents of the pocketbook with so much detail that the superintendent of the office was satisfied that the pocketbook already in the office belonged to the farmer. This was indeed the case.

The superintendent, noting the provincial air of the applicant, resolved to amuse himself at his expense. Calling a clerk, who had overheard the conversation, he said to him, impressively:

"I give you just five minutes to go out into the street and find this man's pocketbook. If you do not come back with it in that time I shall discharge you."

The clerk saw through the joke, and pretended to be terrified. He pleaded for mercy with clasped hands, and put on such an air of dismay that the farmer interceded for him, and begged the chief not to require an impossibility of the man.

But the chief was inexorable. He sent the clerk out whining and trembling.

At the end of three minutes the clerk rushed in, apparently out of breath, and threw down the pocketbook, which he had simply picked up in the next room.

For a moment the farmer was stupefied. Then he put the pocketbook in his pocket and remarked, as he went out:

"Well, well! If you fellows could find dynamite half as easily as you can pocketbooks, it would be a great benefit to the public!"

THE MANUFACTURE OF WILD MEN.

THERE are many curious trades in the world, but the most strange must surely be the "artificial manufacture of wild men." Yet a well-known English doctor in China has just certified from his own personal experience that this art is regularly practiced in the Flowery Kingdom. First a youth is kidnapped, then bit by bit he is flayed alive and the skin of a dog or a bear grafted piece by piece upon him. His vocal cords are next destroyed by the action of charcoal to make him dumb, and the double purpose of causing "etiolation" of the skin and utter degradation of the mental faculties is effected by keeping him immured in a perfectly black hole for a number of years. In fact, by treating him like a brute for a sufficiently long time he is made into one. At last he is exhibited to the entirely credulous Chinese as a wild man of the woods, and his possessors reap a rich harvest. The priests, it seems, are adepts at the art. When a kidnaper, however, is caught by the people he is torn in pieces, and when the authorities get him they torture him and promptly behead him. Such is life under the rule of the Son of Heaven.

ASSUMING THE HUSBAND'S NAME.

THE practice of the wife's assuming the husband's name of marriage, according to Dr. Brewer, originated from a Roman custom, and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in latter times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this view may be mentioned that during the sixteenth and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc. Some persons think that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law so far back as Bracton (died 1268), and it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. Altogether, the custom is involved in much obscurity.

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CHOLERA MAY BE PREVENTED.

DURING the great plague of London, in 1648-49, in which the cases numbered thousands, it required a year to stamp out the disease. During that period London was vacated by all those who could afford to get away from town, but was infested by thieves who robbed the living and the dead. These marauders enjoyed a peculiar immunity from the disease. One of the thieves, being caught, made confession as to the methods he employed to keep himself free from contagion. This consisted in the use of a preparation called "thieves' vinegar," made from an old recipe:

Take a large handful of lavender blossoms and the same of sage, mint, rue, wormwood and rosemary. Chop and mix them well. Put them in a jar, with half an ounce of camphor that has been dissolved in a little alcohol, and pour in three quarts of strong, clear vinegar. Keep the jar for two weeks in the hot sun and at night pack in a box of sand. Afterward strain and bottle the liquid, putting into each bottle (holding half a pint) a slice of garlic. Keep the liquid tightly corked. Sprinkle it about the rooms and use it in washing the body. Keep your hands clean; keep your dishes clean and hot when serving food. Cook everything you eat or drink. You cannot get cholera unless the germ passes into your stomach through the mouth. It is well here to say a word about liquor. Brandy has its uses, but must be taken in hot water. Drink milk and water that has been boiled and cooled in bottles on ice. Let your habits be regular in regard to meals, business and sleep, because such habits are conducive to health, and the healthy body resists disease.

THE CHARITY OF DEATH.

"THE man I marry," she said, fondly, "must possess all the graces and none of the failings of his sex."
"You are worthy of it," he rejoined, edging closer.
"He must be upright, generous, witty, bright, vivacious, keen, cutting, splendid."
"Yes."
"He must be loving, forgiving, willing, able, lively, dashing, valorous."
"Yes."
"He must be succinct, precise, determined, candid, rich, handsome, tender."
"He must."
"And blue-eyed, and white-winged, and musical, and lyrical, and poetical, and rhapsical."
"I have a plan," said the man on the sofa. "I think I can find the man for you."
"My darling!" she fluttered, looking worlds and worlds, and preparing to pucker her lips.
"You will find your man in the graveyard. Only men of extraordinary virtues die, you know," he said, edging away and reaching for his hat, "it is tolerably certain that few of the other kind survive." Now she must wait till next leap year.

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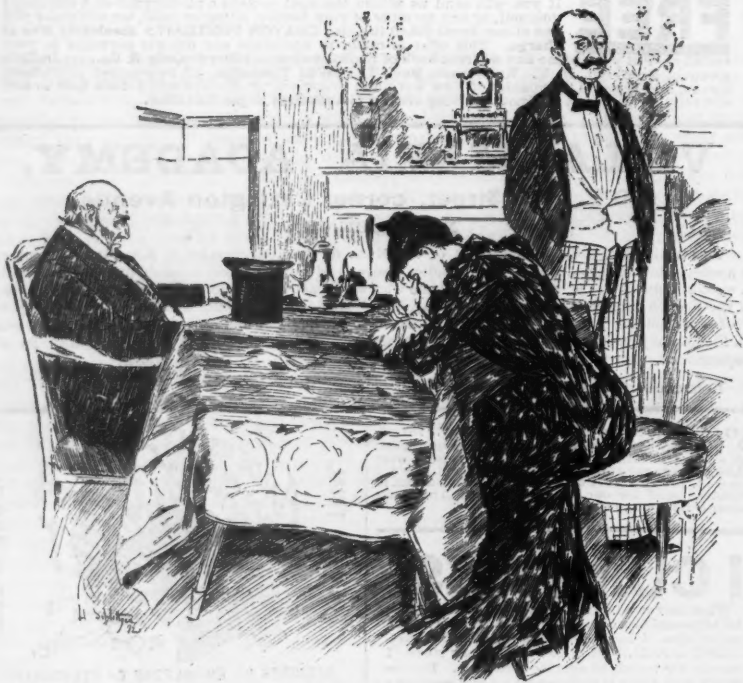
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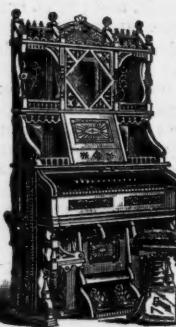
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